

\$1500⁰⁰ Prize Winners in this Issue

PHOTOPLAY

25 CENTS

30 Cents In Canada



JANUARY



Phantom

Daddies of the Screen

Joan Crawford
JOAN CRAWFORD



YOU 5,000,000 WOMEN WHO WANT TO GET MARRIED:

How's Your Breath Today?

5,000,000 young women become of marriageable age this year... How many of them, we wonder, will make the grade?

One thing is certain; they can't expect to attract and hold men if they have halitosis (unpleasant breath). It nullifies every other charm.

Everyone is likely to have halitosis at one time or another. When that time comes, you won't realize it, because halitosis does not announce itself to its victim.

Why risk offending, when Listerine will put you on the safe side?

Simply rinse the mouth with it. Every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others. Listerine instantly halts fermentation, the cause of 90% of mouth odors; then gets rid of the odors themselves. The breath becomes sweet and agreeable.

USE LISTERINE BEFORE ALL SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

What a FOOL She is!



Her FUR COAT COST HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS . . . BUT HER TEETH
LOOK DINGY, HER GUMS ARE TENDER . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

Do you suppose that this young woman, so smart in her fur coat and debonair hat, would go to a luncheon in dirty old gloves ripped at the seams? Or in shabby shoes a bit down-at-the-heels?

Yet her dingy teeth are just as conspicuous—and just as disappointing!—as dog-eared gloves or shabby shoes could ever be!

She brushes her teeth just as faithfully as you do. But she has yet to learn that if your gums are soft, with a tendency to

bleed, you could brush your teeth seven times a day without restoring their rightful heritage of *sparkle*.

**YOUR GUMS, AS WELL AS YOUR TEETH,
NEED IPANA**

Today's soft, creamy foods, failing to exercise the gums, fail also to keep the gums hard. And flabby gums soon show signs of tenderness. You find "pink" upon your tooth brush.

It's serious—"pink tooth brush." Not only may it dull your teeth, but it may

be the first step toward gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or pyorrhea. The soundest among your teeth may be endangered!

Follow the advice of dental authorities: *massage your gums*. Do this by putting a little extra Ipana on your brush after you have cleaned your teeth, and rubbing it into those inert gums.

Brighter—your teeth? You'll see! Soon you'll be pleasantly surprised in the improvement in your gums, too. They'll be harder, healthier. And you can begin to feel safe from "pink tooth brush."

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK!
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Now Comes the Year's Most Celebrated Hit!

★ MARIE DRESSLER
 ★ JOHN BARRYMORE
 ★ WALLACE BEERY
 ★ JEAN HARLOW
 ★ LIONEL BARRYMORE
 ★ LEE TRACY
 ★ EDMUND LOWE
 ★ BILLIE BURKE

★ MADGE EVANS ★ KAREN MORLEY
 ★ JEAN HERSHOLT ★ PHILLIPS HOLMES



DINNER at

"DINNER AT 8" flames with drama... the fallen matinee idol... the millionaire's frivolous wife... the amorous doctor of the idle rich... stolen hours of romance... each thrilling episode played by a great STAR! No wonder it was Broadway's advanced-price film sensation for three months. It is YOURS with a thousand thrills NOW!



Screen play by
 Frances Marion
 and Herman J.
 Mankiewicz.
 From the Sam H.
 Harris stage play
 by GEORGE S.
 KAUFMAN &
 EDNA FERBER

Produced by
 David O. Selznick

Directed by
 George Cukor

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLV No. 2

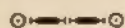
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

January, 1934



Winners of Photoplay
Magazine Gold Medal for
the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"



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On the Cover—Joan Crawford—Painted by Earl Christy

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Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (Dec.)

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (Aug.)

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (Dec.)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (Dec.)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (Dec.)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE**—M-G-M.—A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (Oct.)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the slickers. (Sept.)

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (Dec.)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (Nov.)

BED OF ROSES—RKO-Radio.—Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (Aug.)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (Aug.)

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (Sept.)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (Sept.)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (Aug.)

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (Oct.)

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (Nov.)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (Nov.)

BLIND ADVENTURE—RKO-Radio.—Adventure Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (Oct.)

★ **BLONDE BOMBSHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell".) Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (Dec.)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

When in Doubt— Let Us Answer!

If you want to know some particular about a favorite star, don't wonder and guess—write to us, and let us tell you! Our expert staff will be glad to answer any such questions. See the "Ask the Answer Man" page in this issue for particulars—and use this free service as often as you like!

★ **BOWERY, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as Chuck Connors and George Raft as Steve Brodie battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (Nov.)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (Dec.)

★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville booters. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (Nov.)

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram.—Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokey. (Dec.)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (Nov.)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug.)

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept.)

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (Nov.)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (Aug.)

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (Dec.)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sleuth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scorning "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (Aug.)

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (Sept.)

CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (July)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug.)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (Sept.)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (Sept.)

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (Dec.)

DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (Nov.)

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (Oct.)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (Oct.)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Naturally....Warner Bros.' famous star family supplies 1934's first dramatic hit!



The star of the month—in a story from the book-of-the-month—makes the picture of the month, as Warner Bros. again team the author and star of "Little Caesar" . . . This roaring, real life drama of a "plunger" of the tracks, wagering body and soul—hazarding love and life, is hailed by a million readers as W. R. Burnett's greatest story...awaited by fifty million theatre-goers as Robinson's greatest picture!



Edw. G. Robinson
in
"DARK HAZARD"

A First National Picture with Genevieve Tobin • Glenda Farrell • Directed by Alfred E. Green



The Audience Talks Back

THE \$25 LETTER

Quite a while ago, there was a little girl, shy, self-conscious, and not particularly pretty, a lonely child with few friends. Wandering into a theater, she sat entranced through "7th Heaven." For weeks, she carried with her the words of the immortal *Diane*, the lesson she learned from *Chico*—"Never look down, always look up—see what you've done for me." From the little Gaynor she learned not to be afraid, to be brave, to have courage and with courage all things are possible.

Taking a touch of burning ambition from the self-made Crawford. Watching the incomparable Shearer, she learned to have poise and self-assurance. Watching the breath-taking beauty of Marlene, the ethereal loveliness of Garbo, the lady-like Harding and the sweet sincerity of Hayes, she kept on learning.

She isn't timid any longer, or lonely. She is popular now. She had, for the asking, the greatest teachers in the world.

That little girl was I.

A. M. JOHNSON, Pittsburgh, Penna.

THE \$10 LETTER

A Western picture was being shown in a small West Virginia town. Near the front of the theater sat a "hill-woman" with her husband. A small child slept on her knee. Her whole being expressed hard work.

Judging from her behavior, she had seen few pictures. Such absolute enjoyment I have never witnessed. The nearest comparison I can think of is the joy a child finds in a new toy, but even that does not describe her pleasure. When she had seen the show once, she refused to leave until she had seen it again. Her eyes sparkled and the blood coursed through her veins with such rapidity that her cheeks were glowing like a young girl's.

When you have given bread to a hungry one you have fed his body, but when you have given a ticket for a movie to one whose life is devoid of beauty and culture, you have fed his soul.

ZENITH W. YOUNG, Clendenin, W. Va.

THE \$5 LETTER

Something simply must be done about Mae West!

Her magnetic personality and that "Midway" dance is burning us up.

Recently, one of Oklahoma City's theaters caught fire while Mae West was playing there in "I'm No Angel." Even the men had to come out!

We can't have Mae burning our perfectly good theaters.

Can't someone persuade her to turn off just a little of that heat?

MADELINE BALL, Oklahoma City, Okla.

THAT GAL MAE

"She done him wrong," and some folks say, "She's no angel, that gal called Mae."

But she has "It" in every curve, And boys—those hips—how they can swerve! Her hair it shimmers, her legs are neat, She's the finest gal that you can meet.

Her eyes are naughty but still quite nice, And does she glitter with all that ice! Her voice is husky, a slow, soft drawl—Its tone entices one and all. Her clothes are stunning. Not quite discreet? Well, neither are her charms effete.

MRS. ELIZABETH J. HILL, Vancouver, B. C.



In the background you see the crowd straining for a look at Mae West as she graciously posed for photographers at the premiere of "I'm No Angel"

THEN along came "The West"—burning up our theaters, and such like. Whooie! How Mae did move in on Hollywood! Says she, "I'm No Angel." Says we, "S all right, we're convinced!"

"Three Little Pigs" went to market, and sold us so completely on their product that we're all anxiety over each announcement of a new Walt Disney Silly Symphony.

Music's in the air, and the motion picture public mean to keep it there. Never was there such a deluge of mail on one subject. They go right down the line of recent musical screen productions, quite unable to name any one in particular for top honors. But hoping for more, more, more!

Readers' continual plaint is that "trailers," shown in advance of a picture, ruin the suspense. Producers, don't reveal important plot details!

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

AND A BIG PAIN!

Fan critics, you give me a pain! For the last year you have been crying, "We're sick of those sexy pictures. Give us delightful, wholesome pictures like "Smilin' Through."

Then along comes overstuffed, oversexed Mae West, who thinks all you have to do to become an actress is to swing your hips around, and you fall for it!

ROBERT BRUCE, Syracuse, N. Y.

AND HOLD HIM

Mae West deserves an unholy halo for her work in "I'm No Angel." She proves that she may and can get her man if she so desires.

She flaunts her diabolic plumage in no unmistakable manner, leading willing victims to her shrine. And we are quite surprised to find a tear mingled with our laughter.

LENORE BOLGER, Grand Rapids, Mich.

ALL OVER "THREE LITTLE PIGS"

Three little girls near the front grow starry-eyed and "oh" and "ah" their childish delight, punctuating it with involuntary handclaps.

The wrinkled, weather-beaten face of the old man in the threadbare suit on the aisle loses its bitter expression as though the memory of happier days has been jogged.

High school girl whispers to high school boy friend: "Isn't it just too grand!" He nods an enthusiastic "Yes!"

Madame Club Woman voices her appreciation to her companion.

The firm mouth of a weary spinster school teacher relaxes into a broad grin of genuine approval.

A grimy little newsy says to his plump mama: "Ain't it a wow, Ma!"

All over the theater these expressions of approval echo. Faces take on a happier expression. The picture is ended, and the theater fairly rocks with applause.

Never in my experience as usher have I seen evidence of such universal enjoyment as during the showing of Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs."

HELEN E. MEYER, Detroit, Mich.

A BARGAIN

I believe I would buy PHOTOPLAY every month if it were fifty cents per copy. Because:

There's a certain sense of dignity about the magazine, even to the quality of paper on which it is printed.

While I am able to see very few motion pictures, backed by PHOTOPLAY's reviews, I can offer intelligent criticism on any film.

Seymour tips me off as to what will be worn (as well as what will not be worn!) next season. The beauty aids are aids. And Sylvia—whooey!

Those interviews: Sara Hamilton's delightfully intimate ones; Cal York's newsy gossip. And I often clip the coupons from the advertisements.

What more could one want for twenty-five cents?

MARY F. ABEL, Kansas City, Mo.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
Lewis Carroll's

Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY

as "Alice"... and

RICHARD ARLEN • ROSCO ATEs
GARY COOPER • LEON ERROL
LOUISE FAZENDA • W. C. FIELDS
SKEETS GALLAGHER • RAYMOND
HATTON • EDWARD EVERETT
HORTON • ROSCOE KARNs • MAE
MARSH • POLLY MORAN • JACK
OAKIE • EDNA MAY OLIVER • MAY
ROBSON • CHARLIE RUGGLES • ALISON

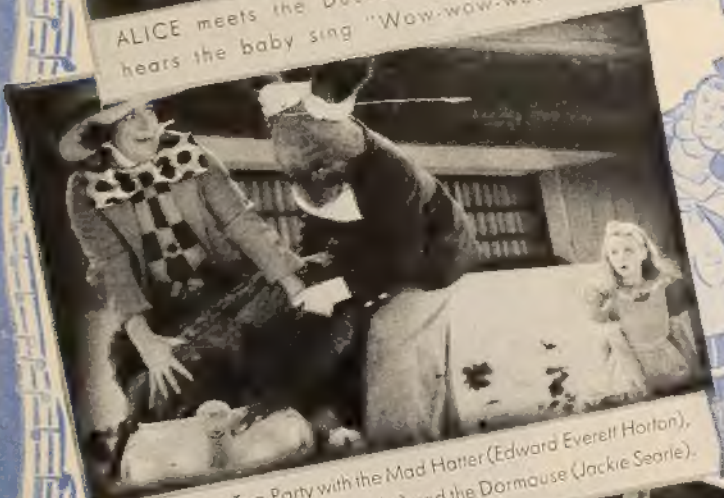
SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod

ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow"



ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Seale).



ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).



Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.



If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE... It's the Best Show in Town

The Candid Opinion Of



Meet in films Louisa Alcott's "Little Women." Front to rear, Amy (Joan Bennett), Beth (Jean Parker), Jo (Katharine Hepburn), Meg (Frances Dee)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

TRAILERS KILL SUSPENSE

A great deal of enjoyment in viewing pictures, for me, is the fact that I don't know how the picture is going to turn out. I have seen several pictures from which much of the suspense was taken away because I had previously seen the advertising trailer.

In "Storm at Daybreak," for example, all the time I should have been wondering how the triangle was going to end, I knew from having seen the trailer that Walter Huston was going to drive the team into destruction.

In "Mary Stevens, M. D.," all the while I was looking at that perfectly adorable baby, I knew he was going to die, and there have been numerous other instances when the trailer completely relieved a film of its important thrill of suspense.

THERESE CLARK, Los Angeles, Calif.

MEG, JO, BETH AND AMY

I was a "hotel child." Hugging my doll, I sat for hours alone in the lobby. One day I found four charming companions. They lived in a book called "Little Women," but they seemed like the sisters for whom I longed.

They invited me into their friendly home circle and far more real they were than passing strangers with curious glances. I laughed, grieved and had secrets with them, and I am grateful that one lonely child, through them, found a world in which she had a happy place. How lovely the recollection, and now I am to meet again, through the medium of the screen,

these beloved girls who shared my youth.
JAVIA BROMLEY, Oakland, Calif.

DE BOW'RY

Every old timer should see "The Bowery," if for no other reason than Pert Kelton. Go back to the good old days of your youth (I'm only seventy-four years young)—to the good old strains of Ta-Ra-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay.

Producers, take a tip from me. Give the public more Mae Wests and Pert Keltons.

R. B. SIVERTSON, San Francisco, Calif.

LOOKING FOR ROD

Recently I viewed the weird production—"S. O. S. Iceberg"—that interesting tale of the frozen North. I found the picture most entertaining. Important to me was the return of Rod LaRocque to American movies. He makes his small rôle so convincing. I am positive the public would like to see Rod's name in the bright lights again.

W. J. MATHEWS, Chicago, Ill.

THINK WHAT YOU'VE MISSED

For months my boy friend and I quarreled over movies—for you see, that has always been his hobby, but it was not mine. Whenever we had a date he invariably suggested the theater. While I enjoy a good picture, I was not the enthusiast; he was. Naturally, we had arguments.

After attending at least two shows a week for a few months, I am now as much of a movie devotee as he.

Who could help it after seeing such fine pictures as "42nd Street," "The Masquerader," "Tugboat Annie," "The Bowery," "Footlight Parade," and "Paddy, the Next Best Thing"?

BETTY LOESCH, Erie, Penna.

MUSIC'S IN THE AIR

Have just recently seen "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade" and "Too Much Harmony"; and I'll say they are just what we need. Something to cheer and pep you up. Here's hoping we see many more pictures just like these.

RUDY F. BOUTEILLER, Louisville, Ky.

See a movie of song and dance and you will have seen as good as the average musical stage production, the only difference being that you will not have to dress up.

ALICE W. NEWELL, Boylston, Mass.

BIG "PARADE"

I have just seen "Footlight Parade." What a picture! What a cast!

James Cagney and Joan Blondell are excellent as always. A grand team.

M. H. THOMPSON, Pittsburgh, Penna.

A COURSE IN ACTING

Perhaps the most rabid movie fan in my acquaintance is my young cousin, aged twelve. Betty is a normal youngster, with an exceptionally precocious mind, far beyond her fellows in school, yet interested in play like any child.

She gains all sorts of ideas from her picture-going.

One day she will slink around and speak gutturally, so we know she's been seeing



Does the movie public want Rod back for keeps? LaRocque as Prince Albert in an early talkie "One Romantic Night"

Movie-goers Everywhere

Garbo. The next day she will be all sweet and hisping, *a la* Gaynor—the next dramatic, like Joan Crawford.

But she has gained a certain poise through watching these screen people. Her manners are improving daily. The effect of the movies on this child is entirely beneficial.

HELEN RALTLER, Albion, Mich.

OUR WEAKNESS

Since seeing Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness," I have been studying the reactions of people who saw the picture. They say, "Wasn't she grand—a real sense of comedy," or "I loved her, so different, and what a relief."

We had practically no young, clever comedienne—until Lilian came along. She's perfect.

NANA STALEY, Springfield, Ill.

A PRIZE PUMPKIN?

What in the name of this and that is all the fuss over Lilian Harvey for? To me she is just a prize pumpkin and I hate pumpkins. As for her being able to take Janet Gaynor's place—why, it just isn't being done. Why? Because it is impossible. Janet is *Our Janet* and always will be. She's mighty catching!

BEVERLY HOOK, Augusta, Ga.

WELL WORTH THE EFFORT

After reading the various criticisms about the talkies, may a mere farm woman speak from the other side of the fence?

I find nothing wrong with the talkies.

I think the stars—every one of them—are fine. Each one contributes something to my craving for beauty, culture and entertainment. Where else in the world could a farm wife get more enjoyment, more zest for work, more pep



Most folks liked the idea of a change in comedy diet. Others couldn't see Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness." Our comedienne as a Spanish senorita.



His first screen work was in Warners "I Loved a Woman." And, already, readers are shouting praises for George Blackwood.

to keep on—than at a talkie! The stars have kept me in touch with the right kind of clothes, the proper setting of furniture, correct posture, etiquette. I've often left a talkie humming some gay modern tune.

I've copied their coiffures, their clothes and relived with them romance. I'm never too tired to drive miles to a talkie!

MRS. F. CREEL, North Judson, Ind.

LULLABY LAND

I have just seen Walt Disney's "Lullaby Land," done in Technicolor, three times, and I could see it many times more and not tire of its lovable baby hero and his adoring pal, the gingham dog.

When the title flashed on the screen, I thought, "Just another dull feature," and I settled down in my seat for a possible doze. In two minutes I was sitting upright, enjoying thoroughly the quaint figures, delightful coloring, excellent music, and becoming quite breathless over baby's journey into Forbidden Land.

MRS. W. H. RAGLER, JR., Youngstown, Ohio.

INNOVATION

While driving through Camden, New Jersey, we came upon something new—a "drive in theater."

We stopped, and together with many other motorists, sat in the car and saw an old talkie. The picture itself was not good. But we experienced the thrill of something different nevertheless.

MRS. H. J. SIMON, New York City.

PARADISE "FOUND"

True, the average screen play with its glamour and glitter and romance is apt to form in the mind, especially of the young, a false picture of life, to transform this "cold, cruel world" into a bright, carefree place. But even a fool's Paradise is better than no Paradise at all.

RAUPH GARCIA, Trinidad, B. W. I.

IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD

A young juvenile now in Hollywood who seems to be quite definitely a screen find is George Blackwood.

I have seen him on the Broadway stage, and in the Edward G. Robinson picture, "I Loved a Woman," and with his acting ability and charming screen presence think he should go far.

I sincerely hope he will not be ignored as so many other potential stars have been.

Toby Wing and Mary Carlisle have definite possibilities.

Perhaps the producers will one day learn that new faces like the bluebird of happiness are waiting right in their own backyard.

BERT HUGHES, New York City.

THE DADDY OF THEM ALL

PHOTOPLAY has given us a "new deal" in reading matter.

We've watched the complete metamorphosis of this magazine from the ordinary garden variety of its type, way back in 1916, into the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT** M-G-M. Another "all star" affair, they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. A pastiche comedy follows. (Aug.)

DIPLOMANIACS RKO-Radio. Wheeler and Waikey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others (avoids girl display). (July.)

DISGRACED—Paramount. Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot, enough said. (Sept.)

DOCTOR BULL—Fox. Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands, and except for Will. (Nov.)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal. So-so. Few Acres wild about race horses, sweet heart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well after some race stuff. (Sept.)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio. Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding winging rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (Sept.)

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Alhambra. German Prod. Excellent comedy situations when the maverick maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (Aug.)

★ **EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE** Paramount. The much used anti-war tale of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March, superb fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (July.)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio. Another hospital gangster doctor and nurse melodrama. Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but so-so. (July.)

EMPEROR JONES, THE United Artists. The great Negro actor Paul Robeson in a drama of his phenomenal stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulers of a Negro republic. (Dec.)

ESKIMO M-G-M. A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic. Eskimos tagging with white man's law. Eskimo actors, a treat for all who like a unusual. (Dec.)

EVER IN MY HEART Warners. Barbara Stanwyck in a too-familiar tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (Dec.)

FAITHFUL HEART Halber Pictures. Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (Nov.)

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal. Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (Sept.)

FIGHTING PARSON, THE—Allied First Division. Hoot Gibson tries comedy as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (Oct.)

FLYING DEVILS, THE RKO-Radio. Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (Aug.)

★ **FOOTLIGHT PARADE** Warners. Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (Dec.)

F. P. I. Fox-Gaumont British-LEA. A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Henton, Jill Esmond. (Oct.)

FORGOTTEN MEN Jewel Prod. Official war films from fourteen countries, nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (Aug.)

FROM HEADQUARTERS Warners. A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (Dec.)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount. A good idea gone wrong, Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (Aug.)

GIRLIN' 419, THE Paramount. Sex and adventure in a hospital when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to snare Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast stepping, well done. (July.)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933** Warners. Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (Aug.)

GOLDEN HARVEST—Paramount. Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat, brother Chester Morris is a lord of Trade Broker, a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (Dec.)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox Gaumont-British. A mildly pleasing English tale of tramping in the provinces. (Dec.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners. Good if not howling farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin, he's for Joan Blondell. (Sept.)

GOODBYE LOVE RKO-Radio. Charle Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (Dec.)

HE KNEW TOO MUCH Monogram. Also called "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (Oct.)

HEADLINE SHOOTER RKO-Radio. Newsreel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (Sept.)

HELLO SISTER Fox. Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, trouble comes out, etc. Zasu Pitts helps a lot. (July.)

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures. Another assemblage of official war film, with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (Oct.)

HER BODYGUARD—Paramount. Showgirl Wynne Gibson so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (Sept.)

★ **HER FIRST MATE** Universal. Zasu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate but who is really selling peanuts, on the Alcaney night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (Oct.)

HEROES FOR SALE First National. "Boo hoo!" It's just too awful all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelmess! (Aug.)

HIGH GEAR Goldsmith Prod. An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (July.)

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmen's Pictures. An Evelyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evelyn has appeared. (Oct.)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox. Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (Aug.)

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN** M-G-M. Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust" but good enough. (Sept.)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"** United Artists. The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (July.)

I HAVE LIVED Chesterfield. Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, in obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (Nov.)

I LOVE THAT MAN Paramount. Nancy Carroll sticks to con man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (July.)

★ **I LOVED A WOMAN** First National. Edward G. Robinson as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and indelible. (Nov.)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox. Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Actor Jory throws her over, Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant, not gripping. (Sept.)

★ **I'M NO ANGEL** Paramount. It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (Dec.)

INDIA SPEAKS RKO-Radio. Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (July.)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE Paramount. A riot of gags put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (July.)

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox. Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so, most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (Sept.)

[PLEASANT TURN TO PAGE 16]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Two shining stars in two brilliant*

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Your Eddie! Our Eddie! Every-
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NEW GOLDWYN GIRLS

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Anna Sten
in

"NANA"

As the Parisian daughter of
voluptuousness from Zola's
magic pages, she has a role
magnificently matching her
superb artistry. America
awaits, with expectant thrill,
this, her first American picture.



Brickbats & Bouquets



The Three Hacketts, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Jackie Cooper, about to put on their act, in "Broadway to Hollywood," story of backstage life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

smart, scintillating and thoroughly matured product of today. It resembles, to a certain extent, the startling transition of a Crawford or a Swanson from their initial awkwardness and uncertainty to the brilliant, soigné creatures we behold on the screen today.

We find amusing, and not a little pathetic, the agility with which other monthlies hasten to copy each innovation of PHOToplay, as, for example, the beauty department, prize contests, fashion displays, and even the date of publication

MARION McCLODY, Paterson, N. J.

QUITE SO

We all know that producers try to give the public what it wants, but it is only once in a great while that a picture like "One Man's Journey," with that gifted actor, Lionel Barrymore, makes an appearance

Here is a story of human nature at its best that will please many and will be long remembered

HARRY E. MYERS, Hornell, N. Y.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Darkness . . . and then came the dawn.

Day after day, week after week, I walk in the shadow of the mine, hemmed in by black walls—covered with earth—and the irritation of dust in my nostrils. With the earth above, the darkness beneath, I am buried alive! Despite the darkness, light creeps upon the deadly shadows of night—then dawn!

Once each month I visit my home town and again I breathe and live. My only spark of life keeps burning to see my world of pleasure—the motion picture theater. The films place me in a cheerful and entertaining life. A life full of contentment.

E. I. U., Harrisburg, Penna.

JUST EVERYTHING

I want everybody to hear my applause for "Broadway to Hollywood." This picture has everything—comedy, drama, music, beauty. Alice Brady is superlative and, incidentally, women can learn much from the rôle she portrays

Madge Evans, as always, is lovely.

This is a picture that does not leave you cold—you laugh uproariously and cry despite yourself

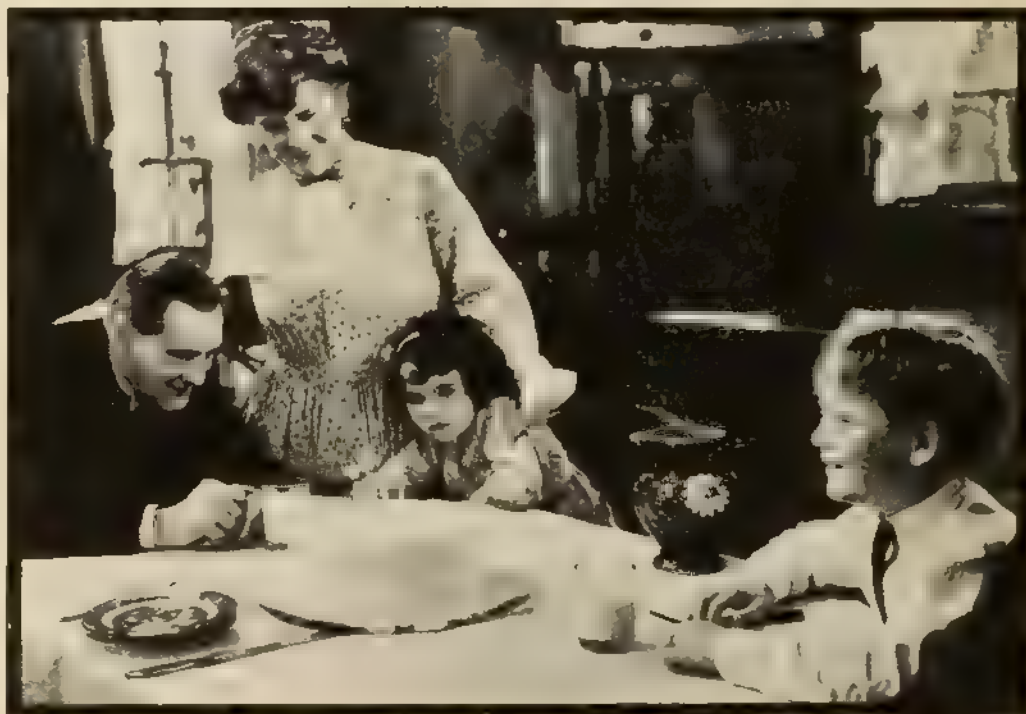
MARY H. TURMAN, E. Orange, N. J.

AWE-INSPIRING

There is a strange fascination about the movies. A fascination difficult to analyze. It lies partly, I think, in the continuous darkness where one has the marvelous facility of passing from one place to another. Seeing life in Europe, shopping in London, being gay in Paris, having a peep at Monte Carlo.

There is a breathlessness about it all, a need to crowd every kind of experience into a few short hours. It's with a sigh of contentment I come back to real life leaving behind the fragment of a vanished experience or a future hope, in the charmed atmosphere of the movies.

B. H. SMITH, East Portchester, N. Y.



The country doctor (Lionel Barrymore) of "One Man's Journey" has won us all. This happy group (with May Robson) are having a real celebration

COME TAKE A JOY RIDE THROUGH THE SKY!



DOLORES DEL RIO

See this grand, breath-catching climax of all screen musical entertainments! . . . A picture that gaily spurns the earth and chases Folly among the stars!

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Music by VINCENT YOUMANS
 An RKO Radio Picture directed by Thornton Freeland
 MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer
 Louis Brock, Associate Producer

Hear these tantalizing songs "Music Makes Me"
 "Orchids in the Moonlight" . . . and the new
 dance sensation that will soon be sweeping America
 the hypnotizing composition "Carioka!"



GENE RAYMOND



RAUL ROULIEN



FRED ASTAIRE

GINGER ROGERS

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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JENNIE GERHARDT Paramount— Sylvia Sydney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (Aug.)

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE Warners— William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery, smoothly done and entertaining. (Dec.)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (July.)

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal—A gold-digger partnership breaks up when June Knight travels for Noel Hamilton. Fine, but it has good spots. (Nov.)

★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia—Apple works in May Robson through a society dame who her daughter, a stage crowd draws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (Sept.)

★ **LAST TRAIL, THE** Fox—A Zane Grey Western with Jack Buck instead of rustlers, and speed on place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (Oct.)

LAUGHING AT LIFE Mascot Pictures—A well done R. L. Harding De Vis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising Cain in a banana republic. (Aug.)

LIFE IN THE RAW Fox—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (Oct.)

LILLY TURNER First Nation 1—Inexcusable sex with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a school girl performer. Worth watching. (July.)

LOVE AVENGER, THE—World War—The big tank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (Sept.)

I LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BABY Universal—Reviewed under the title "Sam M." Sylvester Sawyer Sam Sumner, tries to make "Zsa Zsa Pitts" sugar daddy. Ridiculously funny after a slow start. (Nov.)

LUCKY DOG Universal—Cameo actor Buster turns in a knockout performance as faithful companion to a luckless dog. Cast as a young man. (July.)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner, involved with tipsy society dame Lilian Lashman. Great clowning. (Sept.)

MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE Warners—Lionel Barrymore in a historical Western about California when Jack Sam took possession in 49. Well appeal largely to the youngsters. (July.)

MAN OF THE FOREST Paramount—Far from being a top-notch Western—Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Neil Patrick—Good work done by a mountain man. (Oct.)

MAN'S CASTLE Columbia—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (Dec.)

★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE** Fox—The story of the late Mayer Gershom of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (Oct.)

MARY STEVENS, M.D. Warners—Slow tale of two doctors (Ray Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love to have a baby, but won't marry. (Sept.)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE** Warners—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug.)

MEET THE BARON M-G-M—Jack Pearl's fun version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support, often hilarious. (Dec.)

MELODY CRUISE—RKO-Radio—Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music, plot falls apart. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT CLUB Paramount—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook (Eve Brock), but falls in love with Helen Vernon, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (Oct.)

MIDNIGHT MARY M-G-M—Loretta Young does a better than usual job in moll, she shoots big shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Francot Time for the plot. (Aug.)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK RKO-Radio—A colorful story of Annapolis and a catfish midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (Dec.)

★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Fine artistic but excellent numbers. (Nov.)

MORGENROT (DAWN) UFA—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug.)

★ **MORNING GLORY, THE** RKO-Radio—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good in the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (Oct.)

★ **MY WEAKNESS** Fox—Lilian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch her rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a not. (Dec.)

MYRT AND MARGE Universal—Two pop for radio stars do their stuff for the movies, an amusing little musical. (Nov.)

NARROW CORNER, THE Warners—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (Aug.)

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT** M-G-M—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting as night flying starts in the Argentine. (Nov.)

NO MARRIAGE TIES RKO-Radio—Richard Dix as a brilliant set who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)

★ **NUISANCE, THE** M-G-M—Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break." Lee Tracy at his best as a sly lawyer and ambulance chaser, Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice and Madge Evans tries them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July.)

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY** RKO-Radio—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (Nov.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON Paramount—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life long on my in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thanks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (Nov.)

★ **ONE YEAR LATER** Allied—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (Oct.)

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS William K. Vanderbilt—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (Nov.)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July.)

★ **PENTHOUSE** M-G-M—Standard melodrama about a high life murder but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (Nov.)

PICTURE BRIDES Allied—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (Dec.)

★ **PILGRIMAGE** Fox. Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely unbittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, especially here. (July)

★ **POU DE CAROTTE, THE RED HEAD** Pathé-Natan. Red head Robert Lynce splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (Sept.)

★ **POLICE CALL** Sawmills Pictures. Wild adventure in Guatemala. Quite dramatic. (Nov.)

★ **POWER AND THE GLORY, THE** Fox. Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). "Golden Moon" comes back in this. Excellent and good. (Sept.)

★ **PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62** Warner. "Not-so-fine" gangster with R. L. Powell who is told to frame Margaret Lindsay and married her. (July)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE** - London Film Unit. Artists. Charles Laughton superb and very goodish comedy as the royal Bluebeard, photography inspired. (Dec.)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** - RKO. RKO. Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio party girl who's hot like at heart. Fine comic support. (Aug.)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE** - RKO-Radio. A scrambled plot but good fun. Two down and out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) sent to vein the attic because they can't pay their rent. Unknown to each other they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (Oct.)

★ **RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE** Monogram. A disjointed railroad melodrama. (Sept.)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA** - M-G-M. John Barrymore, as the exiled Archduke Rudolf, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty. It should delight everyone. (July)

★ **SAMARANG** Zedman United Artists. A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus, supernatural types. (July)

★ **SATURDAY'S MILLIONS** Universal. Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (Dec.)

★ **SAVAGE GOLD** Harold Auten Prod. A corking travel film showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrink to the size of oranges among other gruesome thrills. (Oct.)

★ **SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE** Universal. Well-staged melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (Sept.)

★ **SHANGHAI MADNESS** Fox. Melodrama in China. Spencer Tracy, Eugene Pallette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (Nov.)

★ **SHE HAD TO SAY YES** First National. Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out of town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (Aug.)

★ **SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE** Faith Pictures. A finely done caravan visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (Nov.)

★ **SILK EXPRESS, THE** Warners. Good melodrama. Crews try to stop silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton, fine support. (Aug.)

★ **SILVER CORD, THE** - RKO-Radio. Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother, son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden rebel. Sparking but talky. (July)

★ **SING SINNER SING** - Majestic Pictures. Toront. Ginger Lela Hyams tries to reform hubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (Oct.)

★ **SKYWAY** - Monogram. A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (Oct.)

★ **SLEEPLESS NIGHTS** Remington Pictures. The old favorite idea of a man and girl supposed to be married and thrust into bedrooms accordingly, but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (Oct.)

★ **SOLDIERS OF THE STORM** - Columbia. Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers. Rep. Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **SOLITAIRE MAN, THE** - M-G-M. Crooked dealings at an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (Nov.)

★ **SONG OF SONGS, THE** - Paramount. A once-upon-a-time classic with artist model Marlene Dietrich, a sort of by artist Brian Ahrne, and a tribute to Easting by Lionel Atwill. Charming, not stirring. (Sept.)

★ **SONG OF THE EAGLE** - Paramount. An honest and colorful Far East tale, solid by King-Story has seen Richard Arden, a good one. Acceptable. (July)

★ **S.O.S. ICEBERG** Universal. Telling and chilling tale of a drift on an iceberg. Very long. (Sept.)

★ **SPHINX, THE** - M-G-M. Excellent colorized with Lionel Atwill as a detective, a girl, the boy, Newton, and a girl, Paul Hurst and Albern. (Aug.)

★ **STAGE MOTHER** M-G-M. The Broadway Mother (Sylvia) in a patchily done but and suppressed drama. Take the Brakes' great work keeps it from going too far. (Dec.)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK** M-G-M. Kay Francis and Nils Astor in two new big parts of a triangle with serial killer Walter Huston as the villain. A powerful story of war days. (Sept.)

★ **STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE** - Paramount. Tale of an orphaned girl (Miriam Hopkins) captured by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid and plot. (July)

★ **STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE** First Division. Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of the case. Effectively done. (Oct.)

★ **STRANGER'S RETURN, THE** M-G-M. The folks of a desert town (Cary Grant) find a stranger (John Barrymore) and except city grand laughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand back to the front thing, superb acting. (Sept.)

★ **STRAWBERRY ROAN** Universal. Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good but the horses are so fine, humans were not needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

★ **STUDY IN SCARLET** A World Wide. Has Reinald Owen as a school teacher, but when they wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Oct.)

★ **SUCKER MONEY** Hollywood Pictures. A miserably thin expose of racketeering. (July)

★ **SUNSET PASS** Paramount. A Western that is a fine cast fine acting, gorgeous scenery. Worth a view. (Nov.)

★ **SUPERNATURAL** Paramount. Carol Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

★ **SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE** Monogram. Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

★ **SYAMA** Carson Prod. The elephant does the night work in a one-sided story, otherwise, there's nothing. (Nov.)

★ **TAMING THE JUNGLE** - Invariable. Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

★ **TARZAN THE FEARLESS** Principal. Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller's job in a disjointed Tarzan tale. Indifferent material. (Nov.)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE** Paramount. Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim, but gripping story of boys who clean up a gangster who in the police. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (Oct.)

★ **THIS IS AMERICA** - Frederick Ullman Jr. Prod. - Newsreel material brilliantly selected and assembled by George Seldin, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (Oct.)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON** Paramount. Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama, Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with wild father, Harbo Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen now so and up its things. (Oct.)

★ **THUNDER OVER MEXICO** - Sel Lesser Prod. - Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's side at Mexico's revolt against Diaz, breath-taking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

TO STOP A COLD QUICK

—Treat it in the First or Dry Stage!

A COLD is nothing to treat lightly. It may end in something serious. A cold is an internal infection—keep that in mind. It is an infection that usually passes thru three stages.

The first—the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second—the Watery Secretion stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third, the Mucous Secretion stage.

The 4 Effects Necessary

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is expressly a cold remedy and it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

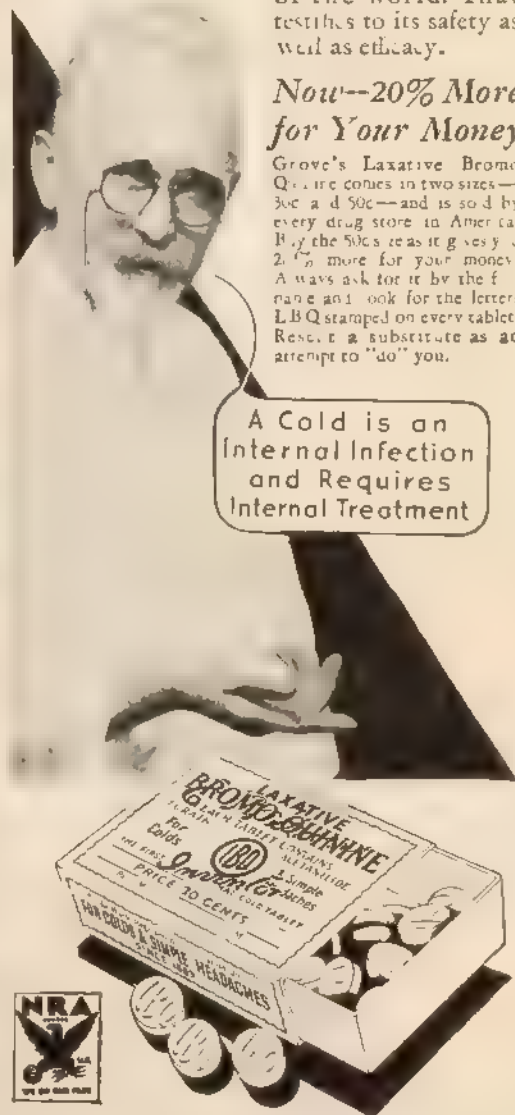
This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and gripe tablet of the world. That testifies to its safety as well as efficacy.

Now--20% More for Your Money

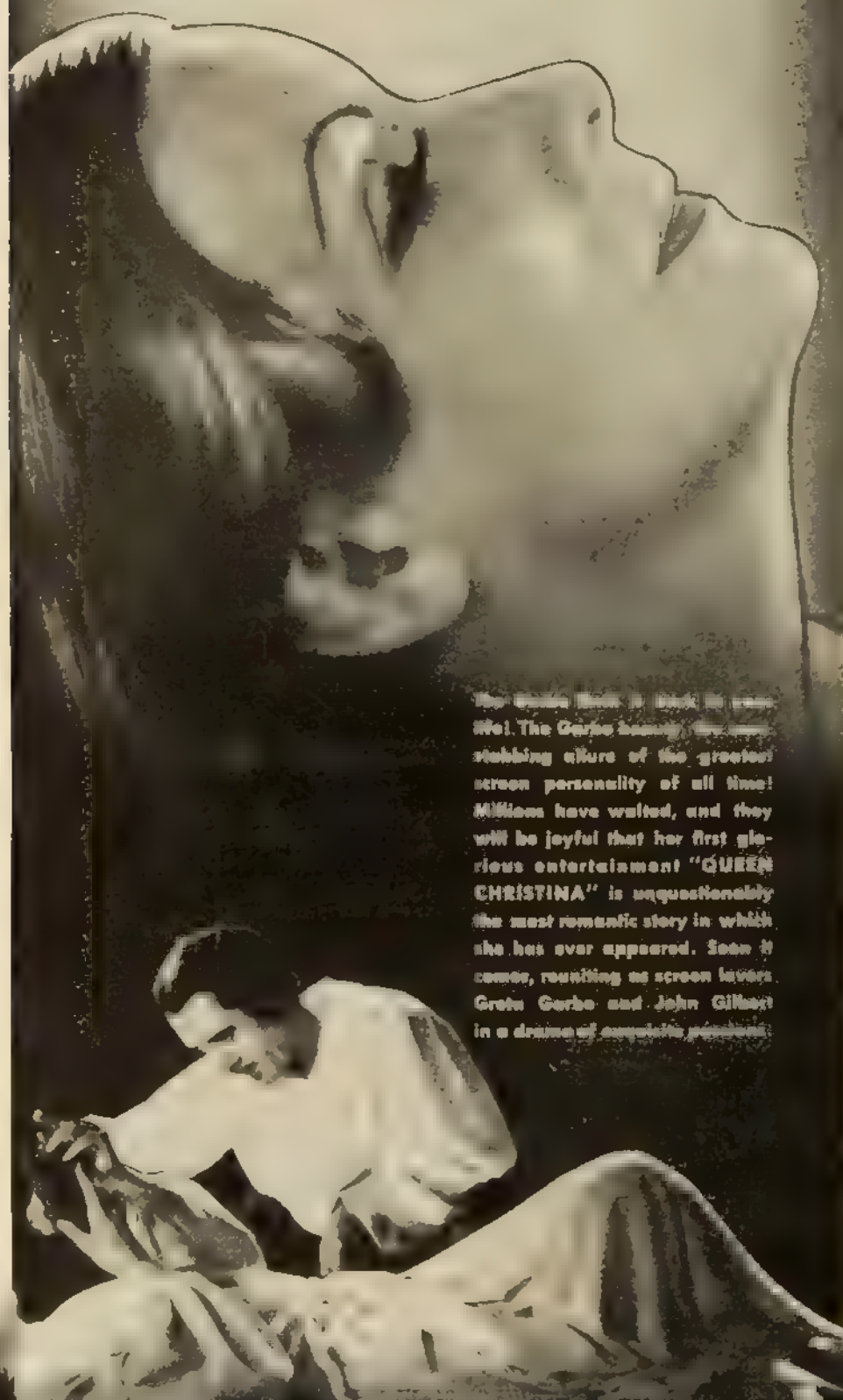
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—36c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c, as it gives you a 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L.B.Q. stamped on every tablet. Resist a substitute as an attempt to "do" you.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN



The Globe Book is back in vogue. The Garbo beauty, the most striking allure of the greatest screen personality of all time! Millions have waited, and they will be joyful that her first glorious entertainment "QUEEN CHRISTINA" is unquestionably the most romantic story in which she has ever appeared. Soon it comes, reuniting us screen lovers Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in a drama of exquisite passion.

GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A. Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER



Eugene Robert Richee

IF Dorothea Wieck took the country by storm in "Maedchen in Uniform," she has even more touching appeal in her first American film, "Cradle Song." That spiritual quality we all loved seems intensified tenfold by her garb as a novice, in this glimpse of her falling in love with the foundling left in her convent. She fairly radiates motherly tenderness



Ernest A. Bachrach.

FRANCES DEE doesn't look very militant here. But that wistful appeal is just what melts the hearts of all sons of Mars. That's what she'll be called on to do in her next, "Rodney," where she has to straighten things out for a man who loves his horse above himself and his career. But after all her fine work heretofore we'd say Frances is just the girl to do it



GLORIA SWANSON

DAINTY Elizabeth Allan seems all rested now from the injury which took her out of one film. In fine shape to give us a treat by her work with Robert Montgomery in "The Mystery of the Dead Police." That elusive freshness so few seem to have, unquestionably is at its best here. It should provide welcome relief from the story's thrills and chills



Bert Longworth

A CALL to Duty, might well be the title of this intimate study of Ann Dvorak, looking up from her script as she hears the summons to work in her recent picture, "College Coach." Do you suppose that "stool and chair" perch lends her added inspiration for her work? Anyway, it's all part of the dressing room's charming informality, so plainly in evidence



WHAT IS IT A GIRL CAN DO

to keep a man's eyes admiringly on her face? You'll get a hint by studying great portraits — notice how the *face* dominates the canvas, how it *holds* your gaze!

To be an interesting woman, *your face* must dominate your costume — your complexion must have animation — *life*. You have to get away from that dull, flat effect given by so many face powders!

All this sounds difficult — *until* you once try Coty Face Powder! *It is by actual use* that Coty *proves* its remarkable superiority — its superlative *smoothness*, its *infinitely fine* texture. No powder, at any

price, is finer, *purser*, smoother. None possesses that *lasting*, exquisite *fragrance* which Coty gives your face!

A girl who selects her *own true Coty tone* looks like a glorious masterpiece, when other women — using dullish, blurry powders — seem like faded mono-tints, lifeless and undramatic!

Men abominate, and cosmeticians warn against, that *aging*, "powdered look". Men admire, and cosmeticians endorse, the rich depth — the *Portrait-Tone* — which Coty Face Powder brings its clever users. When next you buy Face Powder, ask for Coty — you can *trust* its flattery!

Coty



FACE POWDER GIVES PRECIOUS
VITALITY *NEW ANIMATION!*

Artists know how tricky skin tones are to duplicate — yet Coty creates an exact powder match for flesh-and-blood complexions! Coty Powder texture is amazing — finer, smoother than fine satin, caressing to the skin





HERE we have Marguerite Churchill, who doesn't seem much distressed, even though she's a "Girl Without a Room" — and in Paris at that — in a film of the same name. But with Charles Farrell and high-hatted Walter Woolf helping her to find a domicile, perhaps she won't do so badly. Walter's dressy ways come from his Broadway experience

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

JESTING to the last, Texas Guinan died as fearlessly as she had lived. Tex was a kindly, indeed a lovable, personality. In the days before she became famous she was a frequent visitor at PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices then in Chicago and I learned to know her for the generous, warm-hearted creature she was.

Things were not going so well for her, yet she always burst in like a flood of sunshine, driving away the shadows of others.

SOMETIMES she would rehearse for me her stage song and dance number, and those were golden moments to treasure.

There was never much of a private performance, as you may well guess, for her uplifted voice and the thud of her flying feet brought every member of the PHOTOPLAY staff, down to the lowliest office boy, in a circle about her.

And how her blonde hair would fly and her blue eyes flash!

TEX drifted to New York, where she achieved fame as a night club hostess, the first woman, so far as I know, to take up this calling. The Texas Guinan Club, in New York City, achieved an international reputation. Celebrities from all over the world gathered there.

Her cheery greeting to each guest, "Hello, Sucker," stamped her individuality like a trade-mark.

Many actresses, famous on the screen and on Broadway, got their start on the floor of Tex's night club. Here it was that Ruby Keeler's toes began to twinkle, Barbara Stanwyck came to dancing fame, Peggy Shannon made her debut. Just three of the many that Tex started on their careers.

She had much of the showmanship qualities of Barnum and was generous in the exploitations of others as well as of herself.

Tex flourished in the heyday of night club life. Perhaps the type of entertainment she sponsored is now on the wane. Tex, however, was always able to meet life on its own terms. She had the talent to adjust herself to new and changing conditions.

The last picture she made was "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," and it is on Broadway that she will be most missed.

PRINCES visit Hollywood while kings and dukes ponder over it at home. A friend of mine, traveling from Paris to Calais, found himself alone in the compartment of a coach with an Englishman, who was entirely concentrated on the mysteries of a cross-word puzzle.

Finally the Englishman looked up and asked abruptly, "You are an American, aren't you?"

My friend admitting that he was, the Englishman said, "Perhaps you can help me. What American motion picture colony is a four letter word?"

My friend thought for a moment and laughed. "Why, Reno of course," he answered.

Evidently those English don't know the difference between making pictures and divorcing actors.

Incidentally, my friend discovered a little later that the diligent cross-wordist was a duke.

DOUG FAIRBANKS' separation from Mary Pickford was news that rolled 'round the world. Now there is reason to believe that the rift in the lute has been mended and that Doug may resume his position as Lord of Pickfair.

Mary, for the moment, has shut herself off from contact with the press. If a reconciliation is in the air, she is evidently determined to say nothing for publication that might present new obstacles to a reunion. Over-zealous outsiders really caused the separation.

HOLLYWOOD can laugh at itself as boisterously, and certainly as sincerely, as any cynic. You remember "Once in a Lifetime," the picture that burlesqued studio methods.

In "The Blonde Bombshell," Hollywood gives itself another Gargantuan laugh. Hollywood's sacred ballyhoo is kidded unmercifully and every actor plays his rôle with unmistakable relish. In this picture Hollywood says things about itself it might resent coming from an outsider.

Only the mentally undeveloped take themselves too seriously.

The sophisticated believe in a front, not for its own value, but for its effect upon the less informed.

When Hollywood can produce a satirical riot like "The Blonde Bombshell," no further argument need be advanced that pictures have grown up.

REMEMBER the quarter which George Raft flipped so accurately and disconcertingly in "Scarface" the one which brought him his first real screen fame?

Well, it wasn't a quarter. It was a nickel. Furthermore, George still has it among his keepsakes.

"But," he says, "don't think I won't spend it if things ever get tough."

IT seems only the other day that no movie actor felt safe until he had a studio contract locked up in his safe deposit box. But now the dotted line is something to be avoided.

This is the hour of the free lance, and an actor can often make more money by simply agreeing to make two or three pictures a year for a studio, with the privilege of making pictures for any company he desires in the interim.

EDMUND LOWE is scheduled for a dozen pictures in several studios and Gary Cooper, Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March do not want their options taken up when their contracts expire. They feel they could do better on a free lance basis.

John and Lionel Barrymore have arrangements to work between M-G-M and RKO-Radio; Ann Harding and Constance Bennett between 20th Century and RKO-Radio. And others enjoy the same status.

WHEN you pause to figure it out, "Alice in Wonderland" has no villain, no hero, no sex and no love-interest!

And to think that story has been getting by for years!

We dare some intrepid scenario writer to board a producer in his den and try to sell him an original story lacking all these so-called vital elements.

Three guesses—who will land on whose ear in what alley?

LAST month we told you about the tide of Broadway players to Hollywood. While this tide continues, there is a counter drift. At the present time there are eighty players who have found their way back to the New York stage.

Those returning to Broadway are not, however, necessarily deserting the screen. Some of them are going into winter stage productions. Others will alternate between film and stage.

There is, of course, a certain percentage who, for one reason or another, are through with pictures.

A dozen of those snared by the shrewd New York impresarios practically received their acting training in the talkies. It seems to have become a game between Broadway and Hollywood. Tit for tat.

It all makes for better rounded, more versatile actors, so the public is the gainer by this interchange.

AUTOGRAPH seekers in Hollywood are going entirely beyond the bounds of decency in their quest for signatures of the stars. At two funerals they forced themselves to the front at a moment when the thoughts of the mourners were turned to the sacred services for the dead.

At the graveside, raucous voices of these intruders were heard demanding the coveted autographs. At times the situation grew entirely out of hand.

UNDoubtedly the autograph hunters who behaved so disgracefully were persons who make a business of gathering and selling signatures of players.

The stars generously and good naturedly respond to requests for their handwriting, but if demonstrations of this sort continue there is likely to be a marked decline in their complaisance.

WHAT a difference just a few pages make!

When Warners bought "Anthony Adverse" for filming, the rumor went around the studio that the book had eight big, rich parts in it. Every leading actor and actress on the lot rushed out to buy a copy to see if he or she wasn't just the person to play it.

Imagine their confusion when the volume was unwrapped at home and found to consist of no less than 1250 pages! So far none have definitely applied for rôles.

They haven't been able to read that fast!

THE talkies introduced the theater's unification, both in plot and action. Compare the earlier talkies, such as "The Doctor's Secret" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," with the silents that preceded the sound era. A formula was established which, with few variations, has lasted more than five years.

But now Director Clarence Brown believes a new trend has set in. He cites his "Night Flight" as a picture, which, lacking a well defined plot, has nevertheless received an impressive reception throughout the country.

Pure narrative has always been the literature of the people. Any interesting story, no matter how it may wander, always has arrested and always will arrest attention. Earlier novels of the Spanish, French and English were nothing more than a series of episodes strung together, with one "hero" animating the action.

AFTER several centuries we seem to be coming back to the same point in the fiction cycle. Hervey Allen's recent romance, "Anthony Adverse," is a striking instance of this tendency.

Other recent examples on the screen in accord with Mr. Brown's idea are "The Power and the Glory" and "Alice in Wonderland."

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

"BEAUTY CONTEST?" Certainly! Every woman in the world is entered. Your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by every man and every woman you chance to meet.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion! It will earn for you favor and praise. And then you'll thank heaven for a soap like Camay which imparts to the feminine skin a lovely peach-bloom texture.

"The Soap of Beautiful Women is an excellent name for Camay," wrote a girl from Washington, D. C. "Every girl I know who uses Camay has a lovely clear complexion."

Beauty Contest!

Get a Camay Complexion and You'll be Admired Wherever You Go

"My skin is so much fresher since I've been using Camay," said a young New Yorker. "I admit I admire myself in the glass."

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Try Camay yourself! Use it faithfully for one month! It's changing the soap habits of the nation! Every

day thousands and thousands of women—forsaking all other soaps—are taking up Camay.

Perfumed as if it came from Paris—smart as the newest fashion—Camay looks and smells high-priced. Yet you'll be delighted to know that it costs but a trifle. Get a supply of Camay today!



Another Beauty Contest Won! The unforgettable thing about this girl is her lovely Camay Complexion. It wins attentions—compliments—in her daily Beauty Contest.

Camay is the modern beauty soap—pure creamy-white and lavish of lather. Wrapped in green and yellow, fresh in Cellophane. Use it on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Copy, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.



CAMAY

the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

PHANTOM DADDIES



The wistful little chap above is Kenyon Clarence Sills, who some day may see his famous father in the last rôle Milton Sills played — the ferocious *Wolf Larson* in "The Sea Wolf"

KENYON CLARENCE SILLS, bow and arrows in hand, played in the beautiful gardens which his father, Milton Sills, had planted. Kenyon is six years old.

Like the sons of other movie stars who are deceased, his is a strange predicament. If he attends a picture show, he faces the possibility of suddenly being confronted with a re-issue of some old film in which his father played. There, daddy would be seen very much alive, portraying human emotions. And yet a phantom that at the end of the play would disappear into nowhere. The apparition would, of course, give no heed to the fact that out in the audience was a little chap who used to climb on his knee to "ride a horse to Banbury Cross"; to pillow a tousled head on his broad shoulder while the sandman was coming; or to hear a fairy story.

No, the figure on the screen would take no notice and the little fellow out front would have driven deep into his heart the feeling that he was seeing his father and not being recognized. Not a nod, not a smile, not a sign of recognition, whatsoever. And that would hurt.

It is a situation which has caused hours of anxiety and dread to the widows of deceased stars in Hollywood.

"Up to the present time," Doris Kenyon told me, "our boy has seen but two pictures — Mickey Mouse and one of my own. I fear to have him attend the theaters, for there is no telling what he may see."

Securely locked in a storage vault, Doris has a print of "The Sea Wolf," the last picture Milton Sills was to make. The film was given to her by the Fox Company shortly after the great actor's death in September, 1930. Kenyon, the son, was then just three years old.

In "The Sea Wolf," Milton played the rôle of *Wolf Larson*, the most famous fictional character created by Jack London — a ruthless, hard-boiled, two-fisted sea captain who enforces his power with brute strength. He beats down his ship's officers, quells uprisings with a club, throws his cook to the sharks. He is seen in the dives of Singapore and the hell holes East of Suez, drinking rum, associating with women of the waterfront and bullying the beachcombers. In the end, his crew mutinies, his eyes are seared with a hot poker, and his ship, "The Ghost," becomes his funeral pyre.



of the SCREEN

Their children fear
that they will unex-
pectedly meet them

By A. L. Wooldridge

"It's one of the most terrifying pictures he ever made," Doris says. "At the same time, it's a magnificent piece of artistry."

Will Doris Kenyon ever show this picture to her son? Would you, if you were in her place? Will she chance leaving an impression on her boy's mind that his daddy was that hulking, bullying, snarling "salt" seen driving men about in "The Sea Wolf"?

Kenyon, a manly, courteous little fellow, had drifted back from his archery and was listening

"Kenyon," I said, "do you remember your father?"

"Indeed I do," he replied. "I remember him well."

"And what do you recall most?" I continued.

Without a moment's hesitation he said:

"His carrying me in his arms through the gardens and telling me about the flowers—and the trees, and the things that grow."

"I purpose keeping remembrances of his father about him always," Doris said.

She arose and brought a book which, she said, is her son's individual property. On the first



Wally and Elsie Ferguson from "Forever." Dorothy Davenport Reid has a print, and some day, if Wallace Jr. wants to, he'll see it



page is a picture of Sills holding Kenyon in his arms, a baby. It was the last one taken of the two together. Then there was a letter written by Prof. Albert Einstein, another by George Arliss, a third by Sir James Jeans, and so on. A carefully preserved letter written by Milton who was aboard a train the night Kenyon was born, said, in part.

May 6, 1927.

Kenyon Clarence Sills.

Dear Sir: As I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting you, I address you thus. (I here follows a beautiful tribute to the mother who suffered so to bring him into the world. The letter concludes as follows.)

As for my part, we will be rivals for your mother's affections. You will be the well spring of our happiness, whereas I will merely be a tiny rivulet from which she will occasionally quaff. May all the blessings attend you from this moment into a very ripe and mellow old age when the undersigned will be but a memory—if that.

Your Father.

A letter from his mother also is in the treasured book. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Wally Reid, Jr. has more than a hint of his noted father in his looks. He remembers Wally, too—but what a heartache it gives him to see his father's films!

Fred Thomson was one of the cleanest men that ever graced a screen. But his son may at some time see Fred as the notorious outlaw Jesse James!





"What is a house without a baby?" said Mrs. March. "Well," I said, "we have a baby. You remember, don't you?"

Twenty Years After

IT'S really only five years since my advent into the movies, but I wanted to get a lift into the story of those years, so I lifted my title from Alexander Dumas.

Yes, it's five years since I signed my contract. For me, they've been years of quite good health, despite the contention of my enemies that they've seen me looking pale at option time.

Now, half a decade is a long time, anyway you look at it, so I feel it's high time to review my career on what romanticists call "the silver screen," but which is really a square of tightly strung glass beads.

Which only goes to show that things aren't always what they appear to be. Like me, for instance. I got into the movies

"Why, Freddie March hasn't been that long in pictures!" No, no, but read on now

because I once portrayed John Barrymore in a play and people said that I looked just like him.

It used to rankle me (and if you've never been rankled, you don't know what you're missing, when people would say, "I saw you when you played the part on the stage. You looked *just like* Barrymore." Not that I wouldn't rather look like him than

like a lot of other people I could name, but it was much the same as coming to Hollywood after winning a newspaper contest and having people point at you and say: "You know who that is? That's the Hyena Man." I didn't want to be John Barrymore or the Hyena Man.

When I signed my contract, I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

By Fredric March as told to Cromwell MacKechnie

"I'll Be at Doc Law's"

Revealing where Will Rogers spends his evenings, and why

By Kirtley Baskette

"YEP," declared Doc Law, diverting his gaze from the artistic luster he was applying to an ice cream soda glass for a squint at the door. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see Bill happen in any minute now. About time he's showing up."

When Doc Law speaks of "Bill," he means his crony, Will Rogers, who lives a ways up the canyon from Doc's drug store and refreshment parlor, just off the Coast Highway at the mouth of Santa Monica Canyon, out of Hollywood.

Each day, past the inconspicuous little beach corner where Doc's drug store, a barbecue counter, souvenir stand and sundry other establishments invite ocean bathers, flash the shining automobiles of Hollywood's stars, en route to Malibu up the coast. Few, in passing, even notice the sign around the corner which reads, "Burton C. Law, Drugs."

Yet Burton C. Law, erstwhile motion picture character actor, now Doc Law, pharmacist, corner drug store proprietor and buddy of Will Rogers, was making pictures before most of them had ever seen a camera, when Director Frank Borzage was getting from two to five dollars a day of long stunts, when Robert Leonard and Frank Lloyd were blood and thunder flicker heroes, when Harold Lloyd was an ambitious pest of studio lots.

But all that was almost twenty years ago. And Doc Law has been running his drug store now for about eleven years. In fact, Doc had sort of forgotten about his days as a screen actor, until Bill Rogers moved into "the neighborhood," up the canyon a stretch, some six years ago, and started dropping in of evenings just to talk over old times, sit a spell and discuss politics, maybe, watching the people who are continually flowing in and out of the store, remarking about this and observing that, while Doc handled the desultory evening trade.

In those six years, it has kind of gotten to be a habit for Will, when he feels "on the loose," to mosey down the canyon to Doc's drug store, where he doesn't have to dress or put on any airs, where he can sit unnoticed back in the prescription room, among the paregoric and pills, the laudanum and elixirs, and peek through the curtains at a plain world he finds every bit as absorbing as Hollywood's dizzy sphere of which he is somewhat reluctantly a part.

"I guess it must have been about fifteen years ago that I worked with Bill in a picture called 'Honest Hatch,'" reminisced Doc Law. "I recall I played an Italian character, but Bill was the whole show."

"He always has been just naturally funny—still is. Why, it seems like just the way he says things makes them funny. I don't think he ever thinks much about what he says before he says it, either. Just spontaneous. Don't believe he ever particularly planned to be funny in his life. That stuff he writes



These two cronies have a gay time reminiscing. Will Rogers and Doc Law, old-time character actor, now proprietor of a drug-store in Santa Monica Canyon



for the newspapers—he just sits down and writes it right out, you can bet, as easy as he talks.

"How does he talk? Why, just like he does in his pictures. Maybe not so much emphasis on that Oklahoma drawl, but pretty near the same."

"The other night," remembered Doc, "Bill came in with Mrs. Rogers. Wasn't anyone in the store except myself and Mrs. Law."

"Hello, everybody," he said. "Well, we got the kids all put a way in their stalls, and me and the wife are on the loose. Can't tell where we'll end up—might end up anywhere—maybe in jail!"

"It's real amusing sometimes the plain way Bill talks to people he meets. I remember not long ago, I was alone here one night when an Irish priest came in. While I was fixing him up, he mentioned that he understood Will Rogers lived around here. Right up the canyon, I told him."

"Well, at that he got excited. It seems that Bill had been in Ireland when they had a bad fire over there somewhere, and he had flown right over to the place, I PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93

The Amazing Story Behind

First exclusive story, told
by Laurence Olivier, who
lost his rôle to Gilbert

By Virginia Maxwell

ONCE in a lifetime, out of the kaleidoscope which is Hollywood, there comes an epic real-life drama, a quirk of fate so strange that it is almost unbelievable.

This is what really happened to John Gilbert

A chance remark, tossed lightly by an assistant electrician and intended to be funny, was the turning point in John Gilbert's life. The axle which fate supplied to lift him high on the wheel of good fortune once again—to play opposite Garbo—from the depths of movie oblivion to which he had sunk in the last years.

For the first time, this inside story is now told. By the actor who was brought six thousand miles on contract to play opposite Garbo in "Queen Christina," only to lose the rôle to Gilbert

Why? And how did it happen?

It's a fascinating story, one of the few real life dramas of the studio which come from Hollywood only too infrequently.

To understand the great moment which fate threw to John Gilbert, we'll have to go back a few months

Garbo's new contract, in which she is permitted complete okay of who shall play as her lover and who shall not, had just been signed on her return from Europe. Garbo looked at many "tests." And could not find the type of lover she demanded in "Queen Christina." Then they brought in films and ran them off for the great Garbo to study.

"Westward Passage," in which Ann Harding was starred, flashed upon the screen of M G M's private projection room. In it played a personable young English actor Laurence Olivier.

Garbo signalled for the film to stop. And in one queenly command, Laurence Olivier was decided as the man to play her screen lover in "Queen Christina."

METRO consulted their files. He wasn't in Hollywood. Olivier had returned to London and was starring in a British stage play. He had always been a stage star and pictures had been merely a fling for him.

London Metro offices contacted Olivier that very night. And before the first light of dawn had pierced London's famous fog, Laurence Olivier was signing his name on the dotted line to one of the most enviable picture contracts ever offered. It meant giving up his rôle on the stage. It meant a six thousand mile jaunt, across sea and land, to Hollywood. He made the trip willingly—eagerly, followed by the trumpet and fanfare of a world wide publicity campaign. Olivier was Garbo's new screen lover, and the world must know.



There seems to be a magnetic harmony between them which makes their love scenes real



What happened from then on is Olivier's own story—told exclusively for the first time to PHOTOPLAY.

"The day I was introduced to Greta," he said, in his boyish, naïve way, "I realized at once she was going to be difficult to know. She's shy as an antelope. And when I tried to warm her to my own personality with a little conversation, she answered only in monosyllables.

"Garbo is really the mythical person people have imagined," he explained quickly. "She seems to live entirely within herself, unaffected by any of the little things to which most mortals are humanized. A rare,

Garbo's Choice of Gilbert



It was a strange twist of fate that put Gilbert in "Queen Christina." And all on the set admitted that he casts a magic spell over Garbo

exotic person, yet so different from any other woman in the world, that she is a fascinating mixture of shyness and mystery.

"Garbo was wearing loose lounging pajamas, a cigarette hung between her slender fingers, a script of the picture carried constantly under one arm

"She never rehearses. But for this unusual rôle, the studio executives had persuaded her to do some rehearsing before the actual 'takes.'

"The stage was set for our most important scene when, as *Don Antonio*, I meet Garbo in her boudoir at the inn and there discover the warm, tender woman beneath the boyish masquerade.

"And this is the part of my story I shall always look back upon with a mixture of amazement and disappointment.

"The director explained that I was to come forward, grasp Garbo's slender body tenderly, look into her eyes and, in the gesture, awaken the passion within her—that passion for which she is later willing to give up the Swedish throne.

"I went into my rôle giving it everything I had. But at the touch of my hand Garbo became frigid. I could feel the sudden tautness of her, her eyes as stony and expressionless as if she were a woman of marble.

"Rouben Mamoulian, ace director who knew exactly what he wanted, came quietly over and spoke to Garbo. He asked her to warm up to me—to try to bring some life into her eyes—some expression of tenderness into the lovely curves of her rich, warm mouth.

"We tried it again. But Garbo was unmoved. She, the great actress, whom everyone expected to go into this tender scene with convincing abandon, was as frigid to my embrace as if she were a woman of stone.

"Mamoulian came over again. He asked me to talk to Garbo—off the set. To try to break down this intangible barrier which had risen between us, this cross current of magnetism completely out of harmony with each other. We walked away a little, smoked together, tried to talk small talk. Then we came back and went into the scene again.

"Garbo froze up as before. The director, realizing with his keensense of screen values that Garbo's attitude would register cold, was desperate. Suddenly he flung down the script, called a halt on everything and turned to his assistants.

"In heaven's name, is there any man Garbo will warm to?" he cried.

One of the electricians, trying to be funny, shouted that Gilbert was the only man Garbo ever went ga ga over.

"Get him! Get him here," the director shouted. "Get Gilbert and let's get some emotion into this scene!"

"They sent for Gilbert then. To use his presence merely as a stimulant to Garbo's emotional depth.

"I TOOK off my costume and John Gilbert got into it. As *Don Antonio*, he looked the part. And as I stepped aside, ready for Gilbert to warm Garbo to the rôle, an amazing thing happened. Garbo's face softened, into her eyes came a strange, beautiful light. Something seemed to be happening deep down inside her. A magic spell, this emotion which John Gilbert stirred within her when he took Garbo in his arms and whispered those tender phrases.

"We were watching the real thing, an astonishing reaction—Garbo's thrilling to the man she once had loved.

"The director was delighted. And what was to have been merely a rehearsal between Gilbert and Garbo became a real shot. Gilbert took my place. I relinquished the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



Laurence Olivier, who came 6,000 miles to play the part, then willingly relinquished it to Gilbert



QUEEN CHRISTINA pronounces a benediction upon her people before she abdicates the throne of Sweden. With outstretched arms they pleaded with her to reconsider. This is one of the most intensely dramatic moments in the great movie story of the magnificent

Swedish queen. And Garbo, as *Christina*, has the most impressive dramatic role of her career. Gowned in pure white, there is a classic beauty in the simplicity of her appearance. On her head she wears no crown. Down from her throne, she faces her despairing subjects.

On the extreme right of the picture stands the handsome Spanish envoy, *Antonio Pimentelli* (John Gilbert), whom the queen loves.

Behind Antonio, his head bowed with sorrow, is the *Chancellor Oxenstierna* (Lewis Stone), always faithful to *Christina*, and fearful now.



THE COURT OF SWEDEN

The only happy face in the entire assembly is that of the scheming *Magnus* (Ian Keith). Standing at the corner of the stone pillar, wearing a richly embroidered coat, he might be taken for the queen's lover, *Antonio*, so closely do they resemble each other.

Queen Christina's abdication is a matter of history. It took place in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century. For the movie production, Director Roaen Marnochian has insisted that the throne room be carefully reproduced and that every detail of Swedish

court life be faithfully followed. The picture is true to its time. No historian could quibble with its authenticity.

It is a glorious role in a beautiful production for Garbo—and one that she has craved for a long, long time.

How Sylvia CHANGED Ruth



A photo of Ruth, made three years before she went to Hollywood, while playing in "The Little Minister" on the New York stage. Her nose was broad and rounded at the tip quite all right on the stage, but bad in films

ONE morning I went to treat Elsie Janis and found her mother, who was alive then, almost in tears. "Ruth is sick!" she said before I had time to take off my hat. "You must go right to her."

"It's Ruth Chatterton" And with that she practically shoved me out the door.

Ruth had just come to Hollywood then. I knew she was living in Marie Prevost's house.

I rang the doorbell and a maid opened the door a crack. The house was almost dark. Silently she beckoned me up the stairs, and pointing to a bedroom door she whispered that I might go in. The room was pitch dark. Every shade was drawn.

"How do you do?" I said to the darkness. There was no answer.

I went over and pulled the curtains open a little way. Then I could see someone lying in a big bed, her face entirely covered with gauze.

"Good heavens!" I said. "What's wrong with you? You look like an Egyptian mummy."

Slowly Ruth raised herself up on one elbow and lifted a corner of the gauze to peep out at me. "Sunburn," she murmured. "And there wasn't even any sun. Richard Barthelmess and I were out fishing five hours on the water. I got this. It's dreadful."

That was my introduction to Ruth Chatterton.

When she was cured of the sunburn I looked her over for real defects.

Her nerves were shot. She had come to Hollywood from the stage. This was just before talkies came in and she had not been able to get a job. Fine actress though she was, her nose and her figure held her back.

THEY told her at the studio that her nose photographed badly and that discouraged her. Also, she had lumps of fat above her hips at the back, large calves and her arms were too thin.

I shall never forget how relieved she was when I told her I could help her—for she knew that her whole future depended upon it.

Now, I have hesitated telling what I did for Ruth Chatterton's nose, because I'm afraid that if you girls try to do it, you won't do it right. But in these articles I have promised to tell everything I know and I'm not going to stop at this stage of the game. I'm going to let you in on the secret of shaping noses. But it is something that has to be carefully done. And if you do it yourself and you *can* do it yourself you must promise that you will follow directions. Guard the secret well, girls. I've never told it to anyone before!

Ruth had a little fatty bump on the end of her nose and this is what I did: If you try it, be as careful as if you were modeling something beautiful in marble. Place the forefinger of each hand on either side of the bump. Then press very, very gently.

You must *not* press hard for that will make your nose red and bulbous. Do

not press for more than half a minute at one time. But do it over an hour each day. Then

with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand work down the nose from the top of the bridge very gently and lightly massage the bump of fat you want removed. In other words, model your nose as if it were clay, but model it with a very slight pressure.

Now work on the rest of the face, for those glands affect the nose. With the middle finger of either hand gently rub from the side of the nostrils outwards in a



Chatterton's NOSE AND FIGURE

SYLVIA has beautified many of our most famous stars. Every month, in PHOTOPLAY Magazine, she tells you how she did it, and how you can work the same beauty miracles for yourself, at home. She will be glad to write you personally, too, without charge. On page 92 are some of her answers, and directions for getting advice free from this most famous masseuse.

slightly upward movement. When you're doing this do not rub the nostrils but merely around them.

I do not believe in hot and cold application, alternated. It makes the skin flabby. And I know that ice should never be used directly upon the face, for that dries and hardens the skin. However, cold water is excellent and will put plenty of pep into your skin.

So, in the general nose treatment, include this: Wash the face in luke warm water and soap suds. Rinse the suds off with warm water. Have two or three small Turkish towels handy. Soak one in ice cold water and spread it over the face. As soon as the coldness goes out of one towel, use another. Spend about fifteen minutes a day on this treatment. You'll find that it will take away that bulbous look from the nose.

It all takes infinite time and patience shaping the nose but anyone can do it.

As for Ruth's figure it was just fat in spots. She did not need to reduce all over. In fact, her arms needed building up. So I did not put her on a strenuous diet. The way I took off the fat from the back of her hips and the calves of the legs was by stretching. I made her relax and then I stretched her. You can do it for yourselves like this:

LIE on the floor. Relax. Relax every muscle and feel your body becoming heavy, as if it were going to sink right through the floor. Then with your muscles still relaxed begin to stretch slowly, and feel an enormous pull. Stretch the muscles that you want reduced. It's the lazy girl's way of reducing, but it shows results.

It is best to lie on the floor on your back while stretching, with your toes caught under some heavy piece of furniture. Or, you can make your husband or a girl friend hold your feet down. Then, with your feet held, pull and stretch, pull and stretch. Do you feel that getting at the fat? You bet you do!

Now you've got to concentrate on the muscles that need to be stretched off. You can feel the muscles pulling in your shoulder blades. You can feel the pull in the calves of your legs and in the hips. When you feel that, you'll know you're on the right track.

Of course, there will be stubborn places that won't respond. These must be pinched and squeezed off.

But I had to do more than reduce Ruth. I had to try to keep her cheered up. She could not understand why she wasn't able to obtain a job in pictures.

"You're a swell actress," I used to tell her. "You've told me so yourself." I had seen her on the stage in "The Devil's Plum Tree," and I knew she was good. "Don't let Hollywood get you down." I saw her the night she got her first chance in a silent picture with Emil Jannings. He had seen dozens of tests of other actresses. When he saw Ruth's test he said, "The girl in the picture is supposed to be naughty. This girl looks the part." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

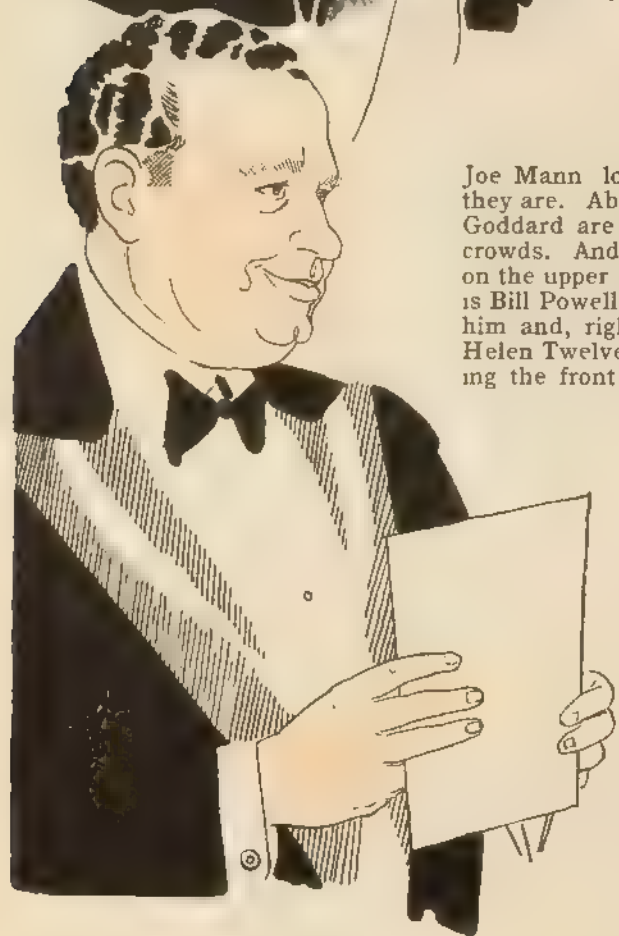


Before Ruth Chatterton got a movie contract, Sylvia was called in to beautify her nose. In this picture, taken after she became a star, you will notice how Ruth's nose became well-shaped, correctly narrow at the tip

Do Screen Stars Act



Joe Mann lower left-hand corner, is a celebrated maitre d'hotel who sees the screen stars as they are. Above Joe is Richard Dix—the biggest eater Joe knows. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are way up in the corner because they always ask Joe for a table away from the crowds. And that's Charlie Farrell laughing with Virginia Valli, in the center. The family circle on the upper right is Eddie, Julia and the five little Cantors. And the gentleman watching them is Bill Powell. Down in the lower center is Von Stroheim's profile, with Lilyan Tashman next to him and, right around the circle: Ann Harding, Chevalier, Ruth Chatterton, Frank Woody, Helen Twelvetrees, Mary Pickford, and Mary Brian talking to Dick Powell. The quartet occupying the front limelight are newlyweds Hal Rosson and Jean Harlow, and Franchot with Joan



NO man, they say, is a hero to his valet. And the guy who serves the human race while they eat is pretty well up on the lowdown, too.

So Joe Mann, the celebrated Hollywood *maitre d'hotel*, knows the screen stars pretty much as they are. Joe has presided at their table for years; for eighteen years, to be exact, at Hollywood's famous dine-and-dance resorts. Cur-

rently Joe is host at the Blossom Room in the Roosevelt Hotel, whither, at some time or another, most of the stars wend their hungry way.

Of all the scintillating, captivating personalities of the silver sheet, Jean Harlow is Joe's favorite. In a general sort of way he might be said to have something of a crush on her, and all because she's such a perfect lady with a knife and fork.

"Miss Harlow generally comes here to dinner with her new husband and a party of friends," said Joe. "Never alone. And does she appreciate good service? More than anyone I know! If anyone in her party fails to leave what she considers an adequate tip, she leaves it out of her own purse—and is she the autograph seekers' idea of heaven? It's really a wonder to me how such a gracious lady can portray the sveltly-sinching screen ladies she does. She must be a wonderful actress."

You will notice that Joe speaks of Jean mostly in exclamation points.

Another of Joe's favorites is Mary Pickford, whom he says is not only queen of Hollywood as a whole but of the Blossom Room in particular. Her table is a regular court, with the lords and ladies of filmdom bending the knee to Mary's courtly, regal little bow. But where Jean loves chicken Mary prefers fish—broiled salmon steak above anything. And eats scarcely enough of that to feed a humming bird.

"Charlie Farrell is the friendliest person who ever comes here," Joe declares, "while Ann Harding is the ritziest, and

Like Human Beings?

Joe Mann has watched them eat for eighteen years, and he ought to know the right answer



By Henry M. Fine

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

Bess Meredyth, screen writer and wife of Director Michael Curtiz, the most lavish hostess. Warner Baxter is by all odds the most democratic—half of the time you find him in the kitchen shaking hands with the help. Greta Garbo is the most dignified, and Mary Brian the sweetest.

Ann Harding, by the way, goes for the solid foods—steaks and fried chicken—which is scarcely indicative of those

spirituelle rôles of hers. But the biggest eater who patronizes the Blossom Room is Richard Dix. A filet mignon is just an appetizer to him. He eats and eats—consuming sirloin after sirloin, broiled rare, with copious gobs of corn and baked potatoes. When he's finished, he just gets up and goes.

"See you again, Joe," he says. But Joe knows it's time to lay in another side of beef. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Tex's last movie—her farewell to us
—was "Broadway Thru A Keyhole"

By Nina Remen

And Now Taps Sound *for* Tex!

TEX GUINAN'S passing away has shocked Hollywood. They mourn her passing as a great character of Broadway. And a dozen top-notch stars of pictures today are reminiscing, as into their memories creeps the big moment of their early days—that moment when Broadway's big sister gave them a first chance and made audiences respond with her ballyhoo bark of: "Give the little girl a great big hand."

There's Ruby Keeler, for instance. And Barbara Stanwyck; Peggy Shannon, whose red hair dazzled the Guinan night club guests; Claire Luce, blonde and pretty who married a million aire and went into pictures after the Follies, Pearl Eaton, whom Ziegfeld found at Guinan's club and who graduated from the Follies into the studios, later to marry Richard C. Enderly with one of the most dazzling weddings Hollywood has yet to know. Bee Jackson, the shimmy queen of Tex's own cabaret, who later became nationally famous as a dancer.

All looking back to those first days when, as starry-eyed youngsters, dazzled by their first glimpse of Broadway's inner circle, they thought Fate had showered them with gifts because the great Guinan had singled them out for a try out.

Yes, there are two other well known Hollywood celebrities

who had their first opportunity under Tex Guinan's guiding hand. Sigmund Romberg. You've heard his delightful, enchanting melodies in pictures and on the stage since those days—an artist in a class by himself. Remember "Viennese Nights" and "The Desert Song"? Only a little while back, a piano player in Guinan's first slummy joint over on the East Side, Romberg was one of many theatrical folk out of work who could eat if they'd give a little free entertainment. Last year Romberg received \$3,000 for a half hour radio broadcast.

And Eric Von Stroheim—the great director whose pictures have been hailed as masterpieces by critics. Von once worked as a waiter at Guinan's first club which she called "Gypsy Land."

Von Stroheim wasn't really a waiter, however. He was a great artist, struggling for recognition. But even great artists get hungry once in a while. And Von found sustenance in Guinan's recognition of genius long before any other person realized Von Stroheim had something real to offer.

He waited on tables. And in between the coming of patrons, he and Tex Guinan engaged in long, fascinating talks about movies and what could be done with this medium of expression if only one might get a chance to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

A host of Hollywood stars owe their start to the Night Club Queen



Elmer Lever

HIS name is Chief Thunder Horse, of the Sioux tribe. Under the bronze make-up, and in spite of the black braids, you may recognize Dick Barthelmess. Dick was recently inducted into the Sioux tribe and made a tribal leader by the famous chief, Standing Bear. As the Indian hero of "Massacre," Barthelmess should give a convincing performance

Marion Davies' Beach



MARION DAVIES has for many years been queen of Hollywood's society. And, as befits a queen, she lives in a palace and here friends are royally entertained



THE marine room is one of the more informal rooms of the house where small parties are held and games are played. It is entirely panelled in genuine English walnut and furnished with fine period pieces. Note the massive beauty of the big library desk

THIS is the main dining room, used for formal dinner parties. The paintings are all original old masters. These and the beautiful Oriental rug give the room a rare richness of color. The dazzling array of silver is old English sterling serving pieces

House at Santa Monica



THE lovely lady of the house, Miss Davies, divides her time these days between social life at home and work at the studio. She recently finished work on "Going Hollywood"

Photos by
Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE music room, one of the smaller rooms, is brightly decorated, with patterned draperies, a lovely white mantelpiece, and a marble-top table. Ceiling is painted with murals. This room, like the others pictured here, commands a splendid view of the ocean front

THE gold room is the most elaborate room in the house. The walls are decorated in gold-leaf against a gold background. The draperies are gold brocade and the chairs are upholstered in the same material. It is the room used for very formal social functions





Elmer Fryer

SHE'S known as the hard-luck lady of Hollywood, and the pluckiest girl on the screen. Every time things look bright for Mae Clarke, there's an ambulance just around the corner. But in spite of illnesses and tough breaks, Mae retains her beauty and her courage. Here's hoping 1934 is full of happiness for her. Her next feature is "Lady Killer"

Look Out, Jack, for "Ma"!

If she grabbed the Oakie spotlight in her first film what's coming?

By Sara Hamilton

"NOW, Ma, listen " "Now, look here, Jack Oakie, you listen. Why can't I be a movie star if I want to? Go on and tell me that. Give me three good reasons."

"Well "

"Just as I thought. You can't think of a thing to say. Not a single reason." Mrs. Evelyn Oakie (she's adopted the name Oakie for her screen name) peered in the mirror.

"When you come right down to it," she observed, "Jean Harlow's hair is no whiter than mine. Is it?"

"Aw, Ma, you "

"Hush. Has Mae West any more curves than I've got? Tell me that, Jack, go on and tell me "

"Well "

"Keep still. And tell me this. Has anyone had more experience at playing your Ma than I have? Your own mother? Now, answer that one "

"Well "

"Stop talking so much. I know I'm sixty-five, Jack. I know that and I'm proud of it. For let me tell you, young man, all the best actresses in this business are over fifty. Look at Marie Dressler. Look at May Robson. Look at Alison Skipworth."

"Ah, now, Ma, you look at them, I "

"And there isn't a young whipper-snapper in the movies half as good. Say something. Don't sit there like a bump on a log "

"Well -"

"Good. It's all settled then. You need a mother in this new picture 'Too Much Harmony' and, my boy, you've got one. Right here at home. And I'm playing the part in the picture. Always wanted to be a movie star anyhow, so I might as well start now while I'm still young, and get going. Now, don't you think I'm right?"

"No, I -"

"That's a good boy. I knew you'd agree. Now, when do we start?"

AND so began the career of one Mrs. Evelyn Oakie. And once begun it kept growing like a snowball rolling down hill. Stealing all her son's thunder and loving it. All Hollywood began chuckling and grinning at the comical and unique situation of having one's own limelight taken away by one's own "ma." Was it fun?

For instance, into the Paramount commissary at noontime,



Right to the center table marches Mrs. Oakie, stopping here and there to sign autographs. Only way Jack gets any attention these days, is by being nice to "Ma"

with its quota of writers, reporters and amazed spectators, would sweep Ma Oakie. Head high. Blue eyes twinkling. Her grand face covered with make up. Beaming. Right to the very center of the dining room, to the most conspicuous table marches "Ma." Bowing, smiling. Deliberately creating an entrance. Oh, boy.

And while every eye was focused on "Ma," in would steal Jack. Unobserved and unsung. Usually the center of attraction, he now would sit strangely quiet and subdued. Uncertain as to just what had happened all of a sudden and why. While "Ma" signed dozens of autographs and blew kisses to the balcony.

Was it a riot? Hollywood's famous wisecracker with nothing left to say.

"Now, Ma," Jack observed the first day she reported to the studio, "I don't want you to think anything I do around here is strange or anything. I mean I'm kinda used to being myself, and if I feel like wading in the fish pond why, I wade. They kinda expect it of me, see? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Cal York Announcing The Monthly Broadcast of



Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland at the preview of their film, "After Tonight," the first photo of them taken together off screen. Gilbert doesn't always attend previews without a necktie. The Marquis was in Paris

NOW that it has been settled that the costumes Ginger Rogers and twenty-four chorus girls will wear in their version of Sally Rand's fan dance will weigh one and one-half ounces, instead of one-half ounce, each, of course. Paramount has put in an order for forty-seven mirrors, four feet wide and twelve feet high, to be used to the best advantage in the dance.

THE actors wearing masks in "Alice in Wonderland" couldn't hear through them. They had no way of telling when the other characters had stopped talking, so a wig wag system was invented, using lights. The red light started the *Dances*, a white light, and the *clock* went into action.

WILLN Adrienne Ames divorced Stephen and married Bruce Cabot at Carlsbad, New Mexico, she was scheduled to play in Paramount's "The Trumpet Blows," but has been replaced by Frances Drake, the English stage importation. Coincidence or?—

MIRIAM HOPKINS and King Vidor were dining in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby of a Sunday Eve—but not together. With backs very pointedly turned. Miriam was in a party with Lubitsch, and King with a non-professional young lady.

Apropos of the Vidors, Eleanor Boardman Vidor is in Europe, much in the company of Harry D'Arrast. There is a strong rumor they will be married.

MARY ANN is one of the largest elephants in captivity and usually takes direction like a veteran. But she felt a trifle stubborn the other morning during a scene in "Jimmy and Sally" and you know what a lot an elephant has to be stubborn with. . . .

Finally up spoke Jimmy Dunn, with a bright solution.

"Why don't they put her on casters?"

AN argument between Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill nipped their marriage plans in the bud.



Acme

Little Maria Sieber, who played the rôle of her mother, Marlene Dietrich, as the child Catherine the Great of Russia. Now the truant officer's after her, but she's finished her part, so what has she to worry about?

Hollywood Goings-On!

MAX BAER is a knockout in that knockout picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady." He's burning up hearts, too, right and left and he's doing a Bill Powell Carole Lombard, for Max took his ex wife, Dorothy Dunbar, to a preview of his picture!

PATSY RUTH MILLER is back in Hollywood, after shedding a husband and ten pounds in Europe. The new heart is Abe Lyman, the old maestro.

JIMMY DUNN doesn't seem to have the luck of the Irish. On the way to the marriage bureau Lona Andre thought twice. They returned without it.

ETHEL GREER, the circus fat lady, weighs 637 pounds; her husband only 140.

When Ethel was working in Clara Bow's picture, "Hoopla," the husband visited the set.

Watching Clara do a hula dance in a grass skirt, he said:

"I never could see why some fellows go for these skinny girls."



Wide World

A small fortune has been spent on these youngsters, and yet they remain charmingly unaffected. They are Sydney and Charles Chaplin, Jr. who appear totally unconcerned about court battles between parents Charlie and Lita over them.

WILL, the Marquis evidently meant just that when he said, on the eve of his recent trip to Paris, it was purely for business reasons. He has returned to Hollywood and Constance Bennett. Connie worked with Gilbert Roland in the picture "After Tonight" in his absence.

THE chorus men in "I Am Suzanne" began by letting Lillian Harvey slip during an adagio rehearsal. This decorated her with lovely black and blue contusions on both legs and hips. Then they pelted her with cotton snow balls. One must have been loaded because it hit home and made her nose bleed. So they thought it was time to do something constructive—whereupon each contributed fifty cents and bought her a load of roses.

WALKING over to the Paramount commissary past "dressing room row" one encounters a heavy, sweet exotic fragrance. On investigation it proves to be the tuberose in Marlene Dietrich's dressing room hundreds of 'em. The favorite Dietrich flower.



Thelma Todd found the Three Little Pigs all stuffed in a theater lobby, and started to take them home. But the big, bad wolf, in the person of the theater manager, caught Thelma, and the pigs are back in the lobby



Art Director Hans Dreier shows Charlotte Henry and Director Norman McLeod the Duchess' house, designed for "Alice in Wonderland." Charlotte won't have trouble getting in that doorway after she nibbles the mushroom

GRITA GARBO undertook a man-size job by breaking in a pair of riding boots she wears in "Queen Christina."

PAINTING her own house, with the assistance of her butler, Lupe Velez said:

"Aw; we just put on the first coat, then let the decorators make it look like art."

CHARLES FARRELL was mentioned to play opposite Janet Gaynor in "Carolina." Robert Young has been assigned for the role. Henry Garat, whom Janet wanted and got for "Adorable," is making a picture for Fox in Paris with Lili Damita.

JIMMY DURANTE has patented his name. If anyone wants to name a candy bar after him Jimmy wants a cut. Jimmy didn't think it necessary to patent his schnozzle.

AT last Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood's last remaining sphinx, has spoken. The occasion was a national broadcast. Charlie was

plainly fussed at first and muffed a few words. But he finally hit his stride to prove it is not the lack of a recording voice that has made him stick to pantomime.

Will this first sweet taste of audibility result in a Chaplin talkie?

WALLACE FORD offers what he says is a new simile: "As out of luck as a moth in a nudist colony."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER has just set some sort of a record. Working on the "Tarzan" set 'til midnight Saturday, Johnny made a flying leap to join his party in a waiting car and drove the hundred miles to Palm Springs, there to disport himself with his Lupe in the pool until it was time for him to play three hours of baseball.

Following this came an afternoon in the desert on horseback, dinner, a Palm Springs evening and, at three in the morning, a start back to Culver City and the mines.

Monday morning, promptly at eight, they tell us, Johnny was aboard an elephant, all made up to beguile his jungle love.

THE attitude of Margaret Sullivan, Universal's new found star, toward Hollywood and pictures is becoming classic, although some believe just a little overdone.

In reply to a telegram asking if she cared to put her card in local trade papers with the premiere of "Only Yesterday," came La Sullivan's answer that she had "just seen the picture, and her next advertisement would be an obituary."

This, when everyone was agreed that "Only Yesterday" was an excellent picture, and her own work outstanding.

YOU are going to see a new name in "Trigger," a fine character actress, whose name on the cast will read "Nan Sunderland." Her other name is Mrs. Walter Huston. She will play a mountaineer mother in this new Katharine Hepburn picture.

CHICO MARX, they say, called up the Hollywood's Women's Exchange and inquired what they had to offer for a slightly faded blonde with a small appetite.

IT sounds like a motion picture comedy gag but those who were there say it actually happened at Buster Keaton's second wedding to Mae Scrivens Hawley. The first, you recall, was at Inscapada, Mexico, last January. The



W. d. World

Remember Baby Peggy — one of the popular child stars of silent movies? Fifteen now, she uses her last name, Montgomery. Peggy's in "Eight Girls in a Boat"

second followed when Natalie's California divorce became final

Buster and Mae wanted to make certain everything was okay

Filling out the necessary blanks on the application for a license, the clerk asked Buster his occupation

"Well, some people will argue about it," replied Buster, "but I'm a motion picture actor"

The clerk turned inquiringly toward Mr. Hawley

"Nurse," she said

The clerk took it big

"Did you say nerts?" he exclaimed

CAMERAS prefer blondes, according to Bette Davis' mother and as mother was a photographer, Bette took mother's advice and went blonde.

CLARENCE BROWN'S secretary Marion Spies, was escorting a visiting group round the M G M lot.

"Hey, Charlie," called Miss Spies kiddingly to an assistant director. "Can't we go visiting on the Garbo set?"

Charlie's face took on an expression of acute distress, and he appeared momentarily tongue tied

For there, in a big old limousine, stand



Just a couple of pals having a quiet smoke. Monko saw Dick Arlen with a pipe, and he insisted on having one, too. Dick, however, didn't demand spectacles!



When Jack Woody, Jr. came to the studio to see his mother, Helen Twelvemore, he wanted to show everybody on the set that he had learned to walk. Work halted while the cast of "King for a Night" stopped to watch him

ing by the stage door, was Garbo herself. She covered her face—and then slid off the seat, right onto the floor of the car.

The party sauntered on, convinced that Garbo did *not* care to be seen!

THE six girls picked by Busby Berkeley, famous New York dance director, have hung up a new Hollywood record.

Six days after arriving in Hollywood, here is what they had accomplished:

Blanche McDonald, who had won the title of "Miss California" in an Atlantic City beauty contest, had undergone an appendicitis operation, with resulting complications.

Marie Marks, "Miss Missouri," developed appendicitis almost immediately after her arrival in Hollywood

Marjorie Murphy, still another of the "Lucky Six," had tonsillitis and was confined to her bed

Claire Augerot put in a couple of days work and then joined the invalids via the influenza route

The remaining two kept right on working in "Hi, Nellie"

WHILE Helen Vinson was on her way to work one morning her car stalled at a busy street intersection.

It didn't flatly refuse to go. It merely made futile gasps and gurgles, occasionally lurching ahead a few feet.

Traffic piled up behind Helen while the signals changed from green to red, from red to green, from green to red, and so on.

Finally, a red-headed cop came up along side and said in a plaintive sort of tone:

"What's the matter, lady? Haven't we got any colors you like?"

STILL confined to his bed at his home near Newhall Bill Hart gets a terrific kick out of knowing his fans have not forgotten him although he has not made a picture since 1925

Bill receives about thirty letters a day, which is a lot more than some present day favorites receive.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

MERRY EX-WIVES

THE Society for the Prevention of Divorce in Hollywood was in full swing. The girls, all famous in what are known as pictures, or even more lightly movies, were crowded about the small 82 x 125 snowwhite living-room of Lil Tashman. Decorated, of course, by Willie Haines (even to the china hop toads).

All the members were in the room, that is, all except Bennett, the Constance, who, because she was at the moment unfriendly with Lil, refused to enter. And so stood outside the living room window adding helpful suggestions to the proceedings within. And typically enough, the people within thought it neither odd nor unusual. Except to feel in a vague way that in some way Warner Bros., or even 20th Century, would pay extra for it. With the tax.

An exposé of former husbands to warn the innocent and brighten the happy family circle

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

"Now girls," Lil began, "we're here to lay our cards on the genuine antique Louis Quatorze table. And talk plainly. This divorce business has got to stop. And for more reasons than one. Mainly, however, because all the men have been married and remarried until we're right back with the same weird individuals some of us started with. Take the case of Lita Loma. What happened to Lita? After four delightful divorces, Lita married again only to discover two days after the

wedding, her husband was one she'd had before. She recognized him by the strawberry frappe mark on his shoulder and the way he sang 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town, Tonight, My Baby' in his bath. The song dated him. She recognized him immediately as a 1905 number with a new paint job and slight carburetor adjustments. But you can't fool Lita. And so died another beautiful love in Hollywood.

"As you know, girls, as far as I can remember, I've never been divorced, so I'll just sit back and let the rest of you get to business. It's been proposed that each one step forward, tell as briefly as possible all the faults and drawbacks to her past or present husband, so when it comes time to change husbands all over again, we girls may know ahead of time all their little eccentricities and be prepared to cope with them.

And even understand them. For instance, there would be fewer divorces today in Hollywood if we but knew why certain husbands insisted upon throwing fish to Elsa Maxwell at every party or "

"Who iss Elsa Maxwell?" drawled Dietrich from her corner, tugging at her mannish collar.

"And so girls, go to it," said Lil. "And between speeches I'll model a few of my newest mid winter frocks for your jealous disapproval." There was a loud sniff from Bennett's window.

"Ladies," spoke up Chatterton, "I intend to be brief. I can and do honestly say this about 'Rafe' Forbes. You'll find him a delightful dinner companion. A



"Yoo hoo, Gary, wait for us." They rushed out, Connie Bennett leading, with Lil Tashman, ZaSu Pitts and Carole Lombard right behind. Every girl took up the chase

of HOLLYWOOD

marvelous conversationalist. A splendid gentleman. But he will insist that the compelling emotion or lyricism of Brahms' third symphony is not in every way comparable with Beethoven's piano concerto in G major."

"Oh, that's awful," moaned little Mary Carlisle. "My uncle had that once and broke out all over. Why—"

A nudge from Mrs. Fredric March silenced the wide-eyed Mary.

"Girls," said Mrs. March, taking the floor. "I've never lost a husband, but still I think I ought to advise you about Freddie."

"Go on, go on," the girls urged.

"Well, I hate to say this, but at the most unexpected times he wants to play 'Hyde and go Jekyll.'"

"Goody, goody," clapped little Carlisle. "Can he play 'Heavy, heavy, what hangs

over?' You see, someone sits in a chair and—"

They gently rolled Mary under the davenport and stuffed cushions around the edges. Which only convinced



Mary they were about to play "Hyde and go Jekyll" and she was "it."

"Now, go on," they said to Mrs. March.

"Well, it comes on him at the strangest times, as I said. Recently at a formal dinner at our home, and right after the crepe suzettes (she paused to let this sink in), he fell to twitching."

"To what?"

"To twitching. Instantly I knew in another moment he'd either be a *H. H.* or a *Jekyll*."

"Or a Barrymore," flipped Bennett from her window. Mrs. March sat down in the ermine covered chair (also by Wilhe Haines) in confusion.

"Junior is okay," began Carole Lombard.

"She means Bill Powell," someone whispered. "But the trouble with Junior is that he wants to be *Philo Vance* when I'm worn out after a hard day's work. He keeps insisting I'm a clue. I mean after a strenuous day's dieting it's too trying to come home and find Junior going under the davenport or up and down Dick Barthelmess' back with a spy glass. Or wanting me to be a clue and hide in the laundry bag so he can track me down. I mean I've spent more nights in the laundry bag [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S



Hepburn knows no fear because the bugaboo has never been planted in her mind. Yet her inferiority complex worked so far toward the "superiority" form, she was misunderstood

IF Katharine Hepburn had been pretty as a child, I don't believe she would ever have become famous."

The man who spoke was William J. Fielding, eminent psychologist. His opinion sounded wild, and it commanded attention.

"Hepburn was probably the ugly duckling among the children in her neighborhood," Mr. Fielding explained, "she was not a good looking child. Being sensitive, she was keenly aware of this inferiority."

"She saw prettier children because of their physical charm receiving the attention of adults and the admiration of playmates."

"Like all children, she too craved the security of being admired, of getting praise and commendation. But she was intelligent enough to know she could not compete as a 'pretty child.'"

"So, it became very important to her to achieve, to 'be somebody.' And all the intense determination of this youngster was bent toward the realization of this ambition—really, I believe, as a compensation for her plainness."

There have been many attempts to explain Hepburn's success. Without beauty, without fame, this girl's name rang 'round the world in less than six months after she had set foot on the sacred territory known as a motion picture lot. With her first picture, she forced hard boiled Hollywood and a skeptical public to recognize her as a star.

AND now, here was a recognized psychologist saying that her success was indirectly due to the fact that she had been a homely child!

Mr. Fielding's theory sounded logical, and it certainly was an interesting explanation. Neither could it be lightly dismissed, for he is an authority on problems of human behavior, and the author of several books, including "Love and the Sex Emotions."

"You believe then," we tracked him down, "that Hepburn, as a child, had an inferiority complex which made her ambitious to excel and spurred her on to success?"

"Exactly," he answered.

"Well, what about all these other homely little girls who have inferiority complexes because they don't have curls? Very few of them turn out to be Hepburns!"

"True," the psychologist admitted. "We have to concede, of course, that Miss Hepburn has talent. But talent very often remains buried and undeveloped. I believe that Miss Hepburn's genius might have remained latent and unobserved if the tremendous urge to achieve had not spurred her on."

"However," he continued, "if you asked me to name the most potent factor that accounts for her spectacular success, I should say it is her great good fortune in the matter of parents."

"You mean she inherited her ability?"



INFERIORITY COMPLEX

This analysis of the eccentric star's emotional make-up, by an eminent psychologist, may surprise you

By Virginia Maxwell

"Oh no. I don't know about that," Mr. Fielding answered. "I am speaking of the way her parents treated her as a child."

"From what I understand of her childhood, she was treated as a personality, an individual. What is even more important, she was never made a victim of the 'you can't do that' bugaboo. Her parents treated her positively instead of negatively. They said 'yes' oftener than 'no.' They said 'do' instead of 'don't.'"

"Most of us are trained, by parents, to fear things before they happen. Well-meaning fathers and mothers build obstacles of fear in their children's paths—and often these obstacles are insurmountable."

Many adults can look back on their own childhood and see that Mr. Fielding is right. For most children, there is a constant parade of "can'ts" and "don'ts," checking them, restraining them, making them uncertain and afraid.

After they are grown up, they say to themselves, "Don't do that, you might get hurt," or "Be careful now, that isn't safe," or, "You can't do it, you never were good at that sort of thing." Echoes from childhood! And while these can'ts and don'ts may



A different *Jo* perhaps from the one visualized in reading "Little Women," Hepburn gives to this rôle some of that hidden fire of determination William J. Fielding sees in her

be imaginary, they are, none the less, very potent obstacles to success.

It is true that Katharine Hepburn's parents did not repress her. She was a sensitive child, and, according to the psychologist, had an inferiority complex. If her parents had thwarted her small ambitions as a child, if they had discouraged her with "can'ts" and made her uncertain by saying "don't," she might have grown up to be quite an ordinary young lady; one who

now, in her middle twenties, might be saying, "Yes, I always loved the theater. Oh no! I never considered going on the stage! I'm

PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 100]

In the hills Hepburn's spirit roves free as a bird. Few understand this quality. They call Katharine eccentric



A Pair of Wuppermanns



It is all very confusing. Those Wuppermann boys are always mixed up! But look carefully and get it straight now—once and for all. From left to right: Frank, Mrs. Ralph, Mrs. Frank and Ralph

By Judith Stone

This is the older Wuppermann, when he was very young. He had no trouble at all winning ample attention



YOU can't disgrace the name of Wuppermann!" said stately Mrs. Wuppermann. Regal as Hamlet's queen mother, she drew herself up to her full height and looked sternly down upon her son.

At the moment her son was engaged in trying on a blond wig for the melodrama to be presented that night by the Dramatic Club of the Holy Trinity Church in Harlem.

The boy looked at himself critically in the mirror.

"Being an actor isn't going to disgrace a name," he answered carefully adjusting the wig. "Besides, I'll change my name."

"Well, Ralph, you'll *not* be a Wuppermann, and I simply will not."

"Excuse me, mother. I'll be back in a second." And the boy in the wig ran downstairs to get the grease paint he had left on the kitchen window sill.

Ralph had a little brother. His name was Frankie. They looked very much alike except that Frankie was still somewhat round-cheeked and cherubic looking, and didn't try to slick his curls down. He was the favorite boy

soprano at St. Thomas' church. As yet Frankie had no theatrical ambitions. He was far more interested in chasing fire engines. But silently and fervently he hoped that Ralph would win the heated arguments with his parents.

And several years later when Ralph tossed up his job as clerk in a law office to take a small rôle in a stock company, Frank was as pleased as his mother was angry.

Ralph kept his promise to Mrs. Wuppermann. He changed his name. He called himself Ralph Morgan.

The young actor's rise on the New York stage was steady, and his position of prominence in the theater was soon established.

Frank, in the meantime, was working for his father who was American distributor for an imported bitters. Frank's job was monotonous and his salary was seven dollars a week.

But when he had "time off" he could go around to the Lambs Club and other famous haunts, where he was introduced, grandly, as "Ralph Morgan's brother."

Finally, the routine at Mr. Wuppermann's place of business became too deadly for Frank. He ran away. He went to Las Vegas, New Mexico, to punch cows. But before he learned to throw a lasso, he was roped into a poker game—and cleaned out.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



This is the younger Wuppermann—before he had theatrical ambitions. Even then he resembled his brother



"NOW you know her and now you don't!" Just to prove that the woman star of 20th Century's new film, "Moulin Rouge," really is Connie Bennett, the lower picture shows how she appears in part of the story. The larger one shows her highly effective "dual rôle" disguise as a brunette French actress, used at several points in the action

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *DESIGN FOR LIVING* Paramount

THREE artistic souls in Paris, with somewhat "unconventional," shall we say, views of morals, and a triangle that reverses the usual order! That is, it's the girl, Miriam Hopkins, who just can't keep playwright Fredric March and artist Gary Cooper sorted out as lovers! The result promises to be highly sophisticated, and it is.

Starting from the first "gentlemen's agreement"—that they'll just be friends all around—it goes through breakdown after breakdown of this arrangement, with plenty of excitement, excellent acting and sparkle, all the way. Finally in despair Miriam seeks an answer by marrying Edward Everett Horton. But in the fadeout—well, see it!

It's a daring theme, but artistically and sparkingly handled throughout, in Ernst Lubitsch's best style.



★ *HAVANA WIDOWS*—First National

MANY attempts have been made to wring fun from Havana high jinks on the part of playboy (and play-girl) Americans, but this one really rings the bell.

Ex burlesque chorines Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell decide to take a short road to fun and wealth by trying their wiles on supposedly rich playboy Guy Kibbee, while under the influence of the Havana spirit. They get away to a good start, with Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins, both in top form, figuring largely. But then how things go wrong—as wrong as they could in a Cuban election!

The final twist adds a grand laugh, and proves that the tale was concocted by people who know their comedy.

For an evening of real fun that will banish troubles, you can't go wrong on this.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *LITTLE WOMEN* RKO-Radio

IF this is not the finest picture in years, it is certainly among the sweetest, most lovable, and most exquisitely done. The Louisa M. Alcott classic story has actually been improved by its superbly beautiful screen translation, because the rich character and depth possessed by the story have been freed from the somewhat saccharine sentimentality which overlaid them in the book.

Certainly "Little Women" represents sheer genius in its human, intelligent direction by George Cukor, and in its artistic capture of the spirit of its period, the 1860's and 1870's. It is a picture of triumphs—for Katharine Hepburn, who as Jo rises to a greatness scarcely rivaled by any other actress in Hollywood, for Frances Dee, Joan Bennett and Jean Parker, who give splendid performances as Jo's sisters; for Paul Lukas, Spring Byington, Douglass Montgomery, Edna May Oliver, Henry Stephenson—for every member of its perfectly selected cast. The story could not have been lived out in real life more realistically than we see it portrayed on the screen.

The story forces repeated tears, then deftly brushes each away with a smile, as a family of girls finds life drawing them relentlessly from the girlhood they loved. Whatever your taste in pictures, you will feel its charm, you will sense the joys and sorrows of the family as keenly as they, because this picture is a genuine masterpiece of portraying and kindling emotion.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

LITTLE WOMEN THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY
DESIGN FOR LIVING HAVANA WIDOWS
ONLY YESTERDAY THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET
DUCK SOUP THE MAD GAME

The Best Performances of the Month

Katharine Hepburn in 'Little Women'
Paul Lukas in 'Little Women'
Max Baer in 'The Prizefighter and the Lady'
Otto Kruger in 'The Prizefighter and the Lady'
Gary Cooper in 'Design for Living'
Fredric March in 'Design for Living'
Margaret Sullavan in 'Only Yesterday'
Kay Francis in 'The House on 56th Street'
Dorothea Wieck in 'Cradle Song'
Chester Morris in 'King for a Night'
Richard Arlen in 'Hell and High Water'

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116



★ THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY M-G-M

MAX BAER wins! Not only did he make the best prizefight picture ever shown, but he serves unmistakable notice on Hollywood that he's challenging every "male menace" known to screendom for the championship with the ladies!

He isn't on the screen ten minutes before you hear the whispered comparisons running through the house. He backs this up with as smooth an acting job as though he'd been in Hollywood for years. And after his roasting fight with Carnera (in person) there isn't a male sneer anywhere.

The oft told story shows him starting as a barroom bouncer, being recognized and built up by down-and-out "Professor" Walter Huston, former trainer of champions, until he cuts out Myrna Loy from gangster Otto Kruger and challenges Carnera for the world championship. But success and the ladies turn his head, and he breaks with Myrna and Walter before the big fight. And how that fight wows the men folks!

With Jack Dempsey (also in person) refereeing, Max and Primo sock each other through the ropes, down for the count of nine, and all the rest—and it's real socking, too. Of course, they took care to bring the story out right, but you'd never guess it just by watching.

Finally, the story has real punch, and everyone in it, including Vince Barnett, turns in a gem of acting. So it's an entertainment knockout for everybody.



★ ONLY YESTERDAY Universal

A REAL star blazes forth in the cinema heavens this time, and no mistake. After seeing this simple, but intensely moving play, you'll always have a place on your movie going program whenever Margaret Sullavan is billed.

It's the simple story of how Margaret loves John Boles, not wisely, but too well—with the consequences to be expected when he goes to war without knowing what has happened. She won't tell—not even years later when their love is rekindled, in spite of his marriage—until she is dying. Then a letter reveals it, in time to give him new incentive for living after the stock market crash.

That's the story, but the exquisite work turned in by Margaret Sullavan, the superb feeling of John Stahl's direction, give it utter, compelling charm.



★ THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET—Warners

AN epic quality and Kay Francis' superb performance of a rich rôle, lift this tale—based on the famous old Floradora Sextette—into poignant, compelling drama.

It's a case of chorus girl Kay being too fascinating for her own happiness. After turning down admirer John Halliday, she marries Gene Raymond, only to have Halliday kill himself in her house. Result—twenty years in prison for Kay, while hubby Gene is killed in the World War.

Life means little to Kay after she gets out, except for her daughter, delightfully played by Margaret Lindsay. So it seems easy to drift into association with gambler Ricardo Cortez—until the daughter becomes involved, and Kay must face another and final tragedy. It's grandly done by all, and Kay is superb throughout.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(RE. U S PAT OFF)



DUCK SOUP
-Paramount



A GAIN the Four Marx Brothers crash through with a package of hilarious nonsense that is rib-tickling fun for all who don't care whether their fun has reason to it. They're all mixed up this time in a revolution and other troubles in mythical Fredonia and what a land it must be, judging from what happens! But the action is fast, the dialogue is faster, and the Marxes fastest of all. It's a not!



THE MAD GAME—Fox



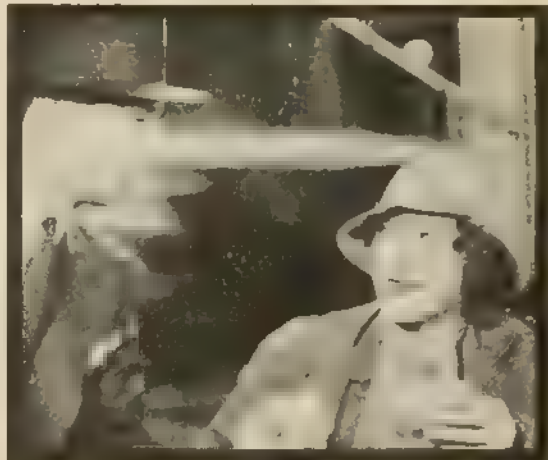
"SET a crook to catch a crook"—so they release beer baron Spencer Tracy from prison to catch his former lieutenant, J. Carroll Naish, who's gone in for kidnapping. Spencer's glad to do it, after what J. Carroll did to him, and he gets his man. Claire Trevor supplies the love interest exceedingly well, and it is a powerful if somber treatment of the theme. Not for children.

CRADLE SONG
Paramount



A S in "Maedchen in Uniform," beautiful, sensitive Dorothea Wieck infuses ethereal charm throughout this, her first American picture. In it she's a nun who pours out all her wealth of mother love upon a foundling left at the convent. Sir Guy Standing, Evelyn Venable, and Louise Dresser add finely played rôles. Some may not care for the unexciting theme, but if you appreciate charm in acting, here it is.

FEMALE—
First National



B RIGIT chatter and amusing situations prove that a big business girl is just female after all. Ruth Chatterton is head of a large motor company and the boys around the office are mere game for her until she meets young inventor George Brent. He convinces her he is different and even makes her like him as boss. An excellent Chatterton portrayal; watch for Ferdinand Gottschalk as Pettigrew.

KING FOR A NIGHT
Universal



C HESTER MORRIS as *Kid Gloves*, minister's son, turns prize-fighter. You become more and more fond of this likable, cocky youngster as the film unreeals. Helen Twelvetrees, *Kid's* sister, considers him above all else, and he reciprocates her affection. This picture should make a big hit with fight fans. Chester and Grant Mitchell turn in grand performances.

HOOPLA—
Fox



C LARA BOW should be a natural for the writhing and wriggling carnival dancer in the favorite stage play, "The Barker," but it doesn't pan out that way. She vamps Richard Cromwell, son of barker Preston Foster, per agreement with Minna Gombell, discarded sweetie of Preston, and there's considerable yardage of Clara that her followers might enjoy looking at it. But as a tale it won't thrill.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

SON OF A SAILOR—
First National



TAKE A CHANCE—
Paramount



AS a swaggering sailor with an expansive imagination and a glib tongue, Joe E. Brown covers a lot of ground in his rollicking way, sampling everything from a gold braid dinner to Thelma Todd as a brunette siren—including a “pick up” by the admiral’s granddaughter, a ride in a pilot-less plane and an exclusive bome party. Lots of clean fun and okay for Brown admirers.

JAMES DUNN steps out of romance and shows a real talent for comedy in this musical. He and Cliff Edwards are tent show crooks, who want June Knight built up on Broadway, through Lilian Bond’s influence with producer Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers, constant mix-ups thanks to the boys’ crooked instincts, and good acting, make this a pleasing variation on the usual “back stage” tale.

COLLEGE COACH—
Warners



CHRISTOPHER BEAN—
M-G-M



FOOTBALL is portrayed as unscrupulous, hard headed business. Coach Pat O’Brien buys up his talent and bribes passing grades for his team, to the disgust of student Dick Powell. Pat’s neglected wife (Ann Dvorak) takes on football hero Lyle Talbot, who does a grand job of being a smarty. Coach and huskies stop at nothing to win the game, but you’ll like O’Brien anyway. Fast.

AS A vivacious, lifelong maid in the family, Marie Dressler bosses Doctor Lionel Barrymore, helps his daughter (Helen Mack) clope with Russell Hardie, and quarrels with the doctor’s wife (Beulah Bondi) and spoiled daughter (Helen Shipman). Abby alone realizes the genius of the late *Christopher Bean*, whose paintings, unappreciated and long in the doctor’s possession, soar in price. Good entertainment.

WHITE WOMAN—
Paramount



MY WOMAN—
Columbia



HERE’S strong enough horror for anyone! Charles Laughton as a sort of jungle Nero, rules an African kingdom, where he shelters cast off Carole Lombard. But when she falls in love with Kent Taylor, Charles’ evil genius flares forth, and ough! What blood curdling events do follow! A revolt of the jungle tribes ends it; and you’ll have seen a masterpiece of thrills and chills. Not for children.

NEVER raise your husband to be a radio star, preaches this picture in which Helen Twelvetrees loyally uses the attraction she has for radio big shot Victor Jory, to get her hubby, Wally Ford, an ether break. He’s a riot, but can’t stand success. Drink, a society siren, and the swelled head get him the sack and give Victor the victory.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 109]

The Clown Who Juggled Apples

His audiences did
not know whether
to laugh or to cry

By Jim Tully

Thus, early the future great pantomimist learned the sad trickeries of necessity.

The hours of work were very long for so small a boy. Now, in affluent and famous manhood, he remembers with bitterness the agony he endured while trying to remain awake. One night, in closing the shop, he was so sleepy that he took hold of the large hot chimney of the kerosene lamp. He carries the scar of the burn today.

As a consequence of what the shopkeeper considered carelessness, the boy was discharged.

THE Fields family moved a great deal during the comedian's boyhood. They partook of the religion most prevalent in the neighborhood. As there were more Quaker churches than those of other denominations, Bill said, "We were Quakers more than anything else."

Bill's next job was that of cash boy in a large clothing store. About ten at the time, there came over him, as so often happens to high spirited boys, a revulsion to the early treadmill of labor. His mother awakened him on the morning of a heavy snow and blizzard in December. He must be at work from a suburb by eight o'clock. The cars could be made to run with difficulty. The snow was above his knees. Insufficiently clothed, with five cents carefare from his mother, he walked a mile in the heavy snow, and finally caught a car that took him to the city.

Once at work, he proceeded to do everything that would get him discharged. All was overlooked on the blizzard morning until at last, in desperation, he walked through a skylight inside the building. Even then the proprietor did not wish to discharge him. Would the boy say he was sorry? He would not. And thus the store parted with the services of its most gifted and irascible cash boy.

When spring came to Philadelphia, Bill sodded the yard for his father. Boylike, he left a rake near the gate, its teeth pointing heavenward. The father walked home, stepped blithely on the rake. The long hickory handle sprang upward even more blithely, and cracked the father of the future Ziegfeld sensation squarely on his troubled forehead.

Few men have poise when cracked in the forehead with a rake, especially if a son and heir happens to be laughing nearby. The irate father chased his son away.

"When I returned after many [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



With all the odds against him, W. C. Fields clowned himself to success. For he knew that to be a great comedian, a man must first learn to laugh at himself

HIS friend, Henry Clive, the artist, has autographed a painting to him "of infinite variety." The life of W. C. Fields has been just that.

His earliest recollection was of thunder and lightning. He was looking out of the window and across the street there were horses in a field running around frightened. He was frightened also. This was in a village called Rising Sun, a suburb of Philadelphia.

His father was a commission merchant and had a place near the wharf. He seldom made any money, but managed to keep busy riding around in his wagon. Every Friday the hay wagons came loaded to the market. Bill followed the wagons and collected stray bits of hay for his father's horse. "Of course, you must not steal it," said the father, "but if you can grab a few hands full from the wagons it will be all right."

Bill had the misfortune of being the eldest child in a poverty-stricken family. He attended school about four years.

He worked in a cigar store at nine years of age. His salary was one dollar a week. The store carried one brand of cigar, which sold for three cents. If a customer asked for a ten or twenty cent cigar, he was given the three cent brand, and charged the higher price.

As Hollywood Wears It—

Muffs— all Hollywood carries them. Three seen at recent premiere are— Mae West's of foxe, Sally O'Neil's of ostrich, and Mary Pickford's tiny red flower one —



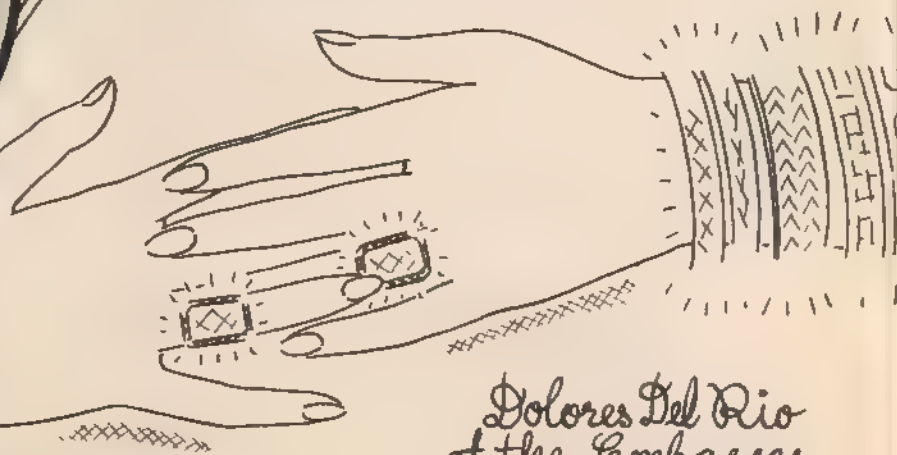
That important touch of metal. Silver stitching on a satin collar with jabot and silver interwoven with satin in Colleen Moore's belt



Exotic Peggy Hopkins Joyce introduces the new "cocktail pipe" from a famous London house. You break up your cigaret in the wooden bowl. Grand Christmas gift!



Colleen Moore wears large round silver mosaic clip on her beret and a matching bracelet on her arm —



Dolores Del Rio at the Embassy Club wears twin square-cut emerald rings, platinum nails and many jeweled bracelets —

EVENING



Otto Dvar

YOU must have a duplicate of this charming lamé gown which Rita Kaufman has designed for Helen Vinson to wear in "As Husbands Go." It is one of those ideal holiday party dresses—formal yet not so much so that you couldn't wear it to dinner and theater. The ruffled collar is of the gold lamé lined with blue taffeta. Fullness at hem

ANOTHER perfect holiday frock is this one, at right, worn by Fay Wray in "Master of Men." The satin bodice is cut low in front but Kalloch has discreetly covered the shoulders with a collar-like effect. The twisted halter about the neck is an amusing idea and can be removed if you prefer. Two clips and a wide bracelet are accents

Irving Lippman



FASHIONS

Seymour



AND ostrich again. The lovely gown, above, of pale green chiffon is lavishly trimmed with uncurled ostrich feathers of the same shade. Travis Banton designed it for Marguerite Churchill to wear in "Girl Without a Room." The ostrich is massed below the shoulders on the gown, the chiffon cape is trimmed with it, too. A romantic dress

THE tunic for evening! Here it is at its best as worn by Fay Wray in "Master of Men." Fay has included this in her personal wardrobe and recently wore it to a premiere in Hollywood. The tunic is entirely beaded with a high neckline which is slit to the waist in back. The skirt beneath is of matching satin, rather full with a long train.

Irving Lippman

Hollywood Puts Brighter Frocks



J. Van Trees, Sr.

LEST you think that the fox cape is part of Sally Blane's costume above, I must tell you that it is her own, worn for the occasion in her new picture "Advice to the Lovelorn." Bright contrasting vestee and sash give vivid accent to the dark silk. Amusing tubular buttons, don't you think? An unusual skirt detail

IT is Kalloch's waggish idea to put cuffs above the elbows on this costume which June Collyer wears in "Before Midnight." They look like calla lily petals and are lined with the same gold silk that makes the collar and bow on the brown tunic. Don't fear that the cuffs won't tuck in coat sleeves—they will!

Shaffer



Under Winter Coats says — Seymour



Kenneth Alexander

ABOVE, Loretta Young wears a formal afternoon dress in "Born to Be Bad." Gwen Wakeling, who designed it, must have known how grand it would be for you because she has made it in burgundy colored dull velvet with naive collar of gold kid. The long peplum flares above the ankle length skirt

HEATHER ANGEL is fast gaining a big fashion following with the younger set—she knows so well how to pick youthful clothes. At right, she wears a Royer design from film "7 Lives Were Changed." Bright dark blue and red contrast here. The top gives a jacket effect though actually it is in one with the skirt

Otto Dyar





Harrell

IT'S grand to welcome charming Lila Lee back to the screen again. She poses here in a black dinner gown from her personal wardrobe. It's the picture of simplicity with an interesting sailor-like collar and a big bow to save it from too great a severity. The favorite sheath-like silhouette again—very flattering to Lila. In silk bengaline

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 115

—Seymour



Otto Dyar

THIS hostess gown which Helen Vinson wears in "As Husbands Go," is so good looking that it has been copied for you as a negligée in velvet. What a perfect Christmas gift! Rhinestone buttons offset a double breasted bodice effect and rhinestone clips trim the belt. Note the high collar closing. Rita Kaufman designed it

ANY way you look at it, this is a grand picture of the handsome Novarro. But Hollywood can't hold Ramon since he got a taste of the concert stage. While singing in Europe Ramon met Jeanette MacDonald and, together with Irving Thalberg, they planned to make "The Cat and the Fiddle" upon their return to the States. Now that the movie is finished, Ramon is turning again to flesh-and-blood audiences. He will open his second concert tour in his home town — Durango, Mexico

Hurrell





FRANCIS LEDERER, young Czecho-Slovakian actor, was a star in the theaters of Europe and the matinee idol of Broadway before he came to Hollywood. His first American movie will be "Man of Two Worlds" - story of an Eskimo who leaves Land of the Midnight Sun to invade civilization. Here he is with Sarah Padden in scene from film

Pinch Hitters That Came Through

By Ruth Rankin

BECAUSE a jack-rabbit jumped in Raoul Walsh's eye, Warner Baxter got a real break in the movies. It was when Walsh was directing and playing the lead in "In Old Arizona." The ghastly accident cost Raoul the sight of his eye, and threw the Fox studio into a panic. They had to get someone to replace Walsh—and get him pronto!

The next day a young actor was on his way out of his humble little house, going to sell automobiles. Hollywood wasn't strong for him. He had stuck it out as long as he could. Now he had been offered a steady job, and he was starting out on his first day's work as a salesman.

The telephone rang, just as he closed the front door.

"Let it ring," said Warner. But he paused. The phone rang insistently. "Maybe it might be something," the thought flashed, "something about pictures."

So Warner went back and answered the telephone. In two minutes he had completely erased from his mind the idea of selling cars. Not only did Baxter pinch-hit for Walsh in the lead, but he gave an interpretation that won him the Academy Award for the best performance of the year!

"In Old Arizona" was one of the very best of the first talkies, and Baxter's resonant voice, which had won him success on the stage, made him an important contender for success in the new medium. Fox wasted no time signing him to a long term contract and Warner has been there ever since.

HOLLYWOOD is a land of miracles as well as heart break. And while thousands wait, hoping against hope for a break in pictures, once in a blue moon an actor or actress drops out of a part, another is hurriedly drafted into service and a star is made.

Sometimes it's an unfortunate accident or illness that gives the pinch hitter his break. And several times the miracle has come about when a star staged a walk-out.

Take Jimmy Cagney's walk-out for example. This sassy, young Irishman smashed his way out of small bits at the Warners Studio, and sky rocketed overnight into a line up at the box office. But, outside of a small boost, his salary remained at the same modest sum.

So Mrs. Cagney's red-headed Jimmy took a walk out. He landed in New York—and he stayed there. He knew very well

Ivan Lebedeff's name might have remained obscure if he hadn't been asked to pinch hit for Asther in "The Blonde Bombshell"



A last minute substitution gave Warner Baxter the movie break he thought he would never get. The rôle was one with Dorothy Burgess in "In Old Arizona"



that his studio had bought the big stage hit, "Blessed Event," for him -- and the part of the fast speaking columnist was a Cagney natural. They had to come to terms.

There followed a long distance controversy that burned up the wires. Warners threatened suit and Jimmy threatened to become a doctor. Then suddenly, there was silence.

Warners had found another "boy." His name was Lee Tracy. He could talk sixteen to the dozen, he could act -- and how. Warners had a great bang-up success in "Blessed Event." They had created a new star.

Incidentally, they got the old one back as good as new -- and the medical profession lost a doctor with a phenomenal bedside manner! Was everybody happy? Okay, America!

Which brings us, with a bound, to a lad named Winchell -- Walter, to start with. Universal had a swell story all polished up, waiting for him. They called it, appropriately, "Okay, America!"

Actors Who Made "Breaks" Good



Carole Lombard was teamed with Clark Gable and scored a success in "No Man of Her Own," because another big star had gone temperamental

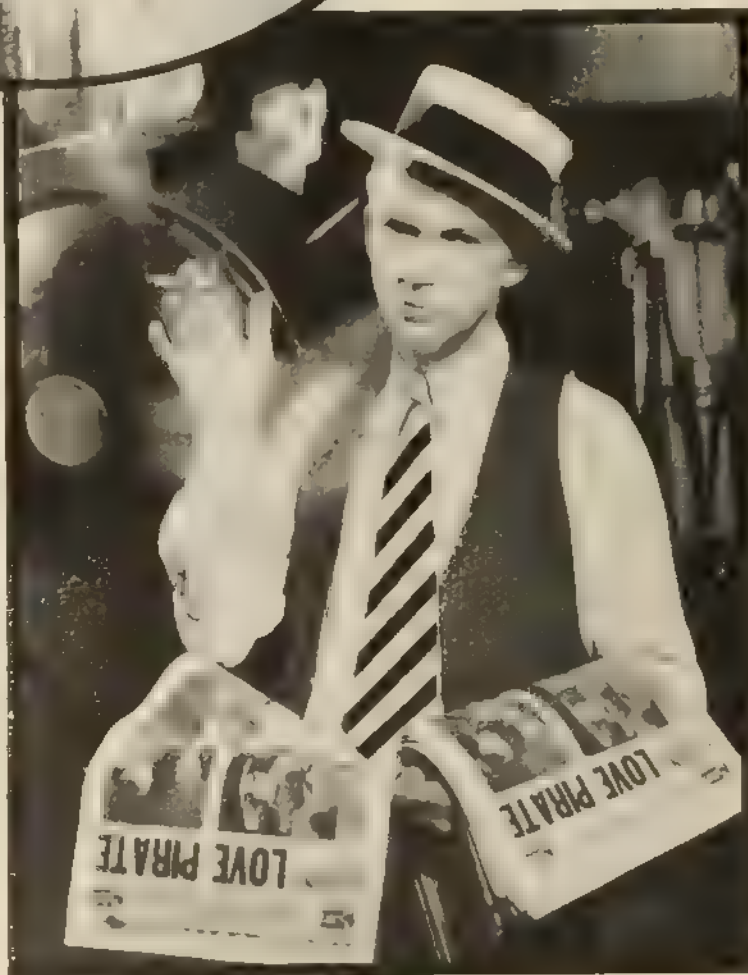
Winchell arrived in the midst of ninety per cent of his subject matter or Hollywood and immediately developed tax trouble.

He was making \$2,000 a week in salary and commissions on his column. For \$6,500 every week he did three broadcasts. In addition various and sundry hundreds a week were paid him for personal appearances. Before vaudeville collapsed, he had rated \$7,500 at the Palace. He was going to get \$75,000 for playing himself in "Okay America."

When the frenzied finance was straightened out, taxes, etc., paid, Walter figured he would have just \$30,000 left out of the seventy-five. So he called it quits, and decided to be in California for his health only. He had arrived originally to recuperate from a breakdown, and the picture was going to be a part of the "rest."

Over at Universal was Lew Ayres, who hit the top in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and Lew had been hitting the ceiling for another good part, ever since that memorable performance.

So Lew, as unlike W W as herring and whipped cream,



Reluctantly they cast Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event" when Jimmy Cagney walked out. And Tracy, the substitute, crashed through to stardom with a smash

stepped in and played the part. And gave it a whale of a performance, which propelled him right back up in the starry constellation.

Still under the Winchell influence, we proceed to "Broadway Thru A Keyhole," Winchell's story for the new 20th Century Company, over which the Jolson one-sock battle took place.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce was signed to play an important part—and walked out in a huff after discovering a striking similarity between Peggy Hopkins Joyce and the character she was supposed to play. Lilyan Tashman took up the torch and went to the hospital a few days later with an acute appendix. This left the situation in a very dismal dither indeed.

With a burst of inspiration, casting director Rufus LeMaire recalled an old test he made sometime before of an actress named Blossom Seeley, one of the pioneer coon shouters, an immensely popular Broadway entertainer. Zanuck looked at the test, and the trick was turned. All Blossom had to do was make the touchdown in the last two minutes of play—and Blossom scored. It was her one big chance, she realized it, played it to the hilt, and now she's right in line for a Mae West bombshell-success.

BUT here's a double-barreled example of pinch-hitting, in which everybody comes out practically even.

Jack LaRue, then unknown to pictures, was slated to play an important part in "Scarface." He was found to be too tall for Paul Muni. So another lad, with a face also new to pictures, played the part. His name was George Raft.

Two years later George Raft, now in the spot of the privileged to say "yes" or "no," said "no" to the part of *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake." It was a good fight while it lasted, and Jack LaRue, hitherto just a "rod-man" in small parts, played the rôle of *Trigger*. It would take some thinking to think up a nastier guy than *Trigger*. But LaRue imbued him with a murky, sinister unholliness that you couldn't shove out of mind in a hurry. It was his Big Moment—and he took it big. So did the audience.

Famous among recent I don't-like-the-part

walk outs is that of Nils Asther's departure from "The Blonde Bombshell." Nils was to do the rôle of *the Marquis* in the Jean Harlow picture.

Then suddenly Nils decided the rôle was inadequate. He wouldn't play the part.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



LILIAN HARVEY and Gene Raymond get charmingly confidential. And the puppets in the background won't interfere—not unless somebody pulls a lot of wires! Lilian and Gene are making "I Am Suzanne!" in which the puppets are important, too

Winners of \$1,500

Correct Solutions

July

Helen Twelvetreas
Sylvia Sidney
Gary Cooper
Leslie Howard

August

Joan Bennett
Heather Angel
Cary Grant
Richard Arlen

September

Ruby Keeler
Mary Carlisle
Dorothy Jordan
Marion Davies

THE Movie Muddles have been unscrambled! The judges, after an exceptionally difficult task, have selected the eighty four cash prize winners in PHOTOPLAY's annual mid-summer contest, which was the first Movie Muddles contest ever conducted by any publication.

And as you read this, letter carriers in various parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico will be delivering checks ranging from \$500 to \$5 to the fortunate participants in one of the most novel and interesting contests ever presented to followers of the screen stars.

In three issues of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, the July, August and September numbers, appeared the Muddles. The parts of these were so arranged by the contestants that eight strips, when properly selected and properly interwoven, presented the picture of one actor or actress, while the remaining eight presented the picture of another actor or actress.

It was also possible, by a different interweaving, to obtain the pictures of two other actors, actresses, or of an actor and actress, with the sixteen strips.

Despite this seeming muddle, contestants wove the strips together presenting the correct pictures with such remarkable skill and neatness, as well as accuracy, that the judges had a muddle of their own in selecting the prize winners from the thousands of solutions entered in the contest - solutions that poured in from every State in the Union, from Canada, Mexico, and even farther away. A glance at the list of prize winners will show how widespread the interest was in this unusual and fascinating contest.

A staff experienced in work of this kind made a preliminary examination of every solution submitted, preparatory to arranging and classifying entries for the later inspection and decision of the judges.

This staff was on the lookout for errors. Any entry that was

incorrectly assembled or had any error in naming either a star or a picture in which the star appeared was removed from consideration.

Those which passed this preliminary test were then grouped for further examination, and it was noticeable that a high degree of skill and taste was evident in the way these entries met the requirement that each picture be accompanied, not only by the name of the star, but by the name of a picture in which the star appeared. Some presented the names only of the plays; but many used the review of the picture printed in PHOTOPLAY, and some even added the cast.



Just a very small number of the entries in PHOTOPLAY'S Movie Muddle Contest

for Movie Muddles



You can well appreciate the Judges' task in selecting the eighty-four prize winners

Because one of the rules of the contest specified that, aside from accuracy in solving the Muddles and giving the required names, neatness and simplicity in the contestants' methods of submitting the solutions would count, hours of debate were required before the judges could make the final selection of prize winners.

Elaborate presentations, such as were presented in previous contests, were conspicuous by their absence.

The offering of Mildred Butler, of Shreveport, La., showing exceptional neatness in the assembling of the muddled pictures, was finally selected for the first prize of \$500.

The Prize Winners

First Prize, \$500.00

Mildred Butler
1611 Slattery Bldg.
Shreveport, La.

Second Prize, \$250.00

Howard Radatz
1815 18th Street
Kenosha, Wis.

Third Prize, \$100.00

Peggy Castle
General Delivery
Tampa, Florida

Fourth Prize, \$50.00

Myrtle Lubold
24 W. 69th St. Apt. 7-B
New York, N. Y.

Additional prize winners on page 96

Second prize, of \$250, was carried off by Howard Radatz, of Kenosha, Wis.

Peggy Castle, of Tampa, Fla., was awarded the third prize of \$100.

Myrtle Lubold, New York City, captured the fourth prize of \$50.

Mildred Butler, winner of the first prize, in a letter to the contest judges after she was advised her solution was being considered as one of the prize winners, said:

"I'm so excited over the possibility of winning even a small prize in a contest that I'm not able to think very well. The first thing I would do would be to pay some bills. My father has been out of work for two years and my mother has had a very serious operation that resulted in a doctor, nurse and sanitarium bill that simply ran out of all proportions. My salary as a stenographer just wouldn't make ends meet on all the expenses connected with maintaining a home. Well, if I got a prize I'd pay all those bills, and breathe freely once more. If there was enough left, my mother could take a short trip. Then with the \$5.00 left over, I'd go out and buy a hat I saw in the window. I forgot to say, of course, I'd give ten per cent of it to charity."

"It is indeed gratifying to me that my efforts in this contest have been appreciated to such an extent that I can share in the prize money," wrote Howard Radatz, winner of the second prize. "It surprised and thrilled me beyond description to hear such welcome news. Being a factory worker at present unemployed, it can readily be seen how advantageous a money prize will be after the struggles of the last three years. It is, indeed, a godsend, for which I am grateful to PHOTOPLAY. There are bills to pay, clothes to buy and the satisfaction and joy of having money that I may do my part in the 'Buy Now' campaign going on all over the country. In closing, I might add [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



EVEN Hollywood, blasé town that it is, gasped at the outpouring of screen dignitaries that turned up for the opening of "The Bowery," the first picture to be released by the new 20th Century Pictures company, fathered by Joseph M. Schenck and

Darryl Zanuck. This exclusive photograph shows a part of the illustrious crowd that filed into the United Artists Theater in Los Angeles for the occasion. Appropriately enough (counting from the policeman at the left), the parade is headed by Mrs. Zanuck

(Virginia Fox) and Mr. Zanuck. Then comes Joseph M. Schenck, and to his left, Marjorie King, escorted by one of the stars in the picture, George Raft, who plays *Steve Brodie*. Last on the left hand page is Fay Wray, also in the film, and on the edge of the right-hand



Photo by Charles Klodes

picture is her husband, John Monk Saunders. Over his shoulder you see Jeanette MacDonald, then Mary Pickford and the picture's soubrette, Pert Kelton (Pert has her hand up-raised). Right behind Pert we see Mrs. Charles Bigelow, mother of Jackie Cooper,

who comes next, with Louis B. Mayer. Jackie is an important player in the film. Over Mr. Mayer's shoulder, we see the famed writer, Rupert Hughes; and next to him is Paulette Goddard, escorted by Charles Chaplin. The next in line is Lddie Cantor, squiring an old

Broadway friend Blossom Seeley, and behind Blossom, we see Sally O'Neil, back in Hollywood after a considerable absence from pictures. The last two in this parade of film notables are Russ Columbo and Sally Blane. And what a crowd in front!

Star News *from* London

By Kathlyn Hayden
PHOTOPLAY's London Correspondent



He yelled at lions
"Shut up" and,
surprised, they did

London, England.

CAN you believe it? The English premiere of "The Private Life of Henry VIII" — and the picture was made in England — was weeks later than the first public showing in the United States. But maybe it took us English that long to gather the assemblage of notable first nighters that were present.

The list of names of stately duchesses, beautiful actresses, statesmen, playwrights and other celebrities who rubbed shoulders in the foyer would fill a whole page in PHOTOPLAY.

And, miracle of miracles, there were actually searchlights in Leicester Square — an unheard of thing in staid old London! Newspaper photographers were there *en masse* and a motion picture camera was set up. Many ambitious mothers with their enterprising debutante daughters paused and posed before the lenses, not knowing there was no film in the camera.

The young men responsible for this thought it a priceless joke. It never occurred to them that they could have coined money with their motion picture film of these great ones of England.

CONCERNING Doug Fairbanks, Sr., there is a story being whispered in select Mayfair circles. It seems that Doug, according to the rumor, let the manager of the London sales-



Doug air-planed 300 miles every night



—To see pretty actress Gertrude Lawrence

rooms of one of the highest priced cars in the world know that he might be a prospective purchaser. Immediately, in accordance with long established custom, the manager offered the star the use of a brand new car, complete with a liveried chauffeur, for a twenty four hour try out.

In this car Doug drove Prince George, the younger brother of the Prince of Wales, down to the studios at Elstree and showed him over the lot on which he and Alexander Korda preside.

Doug wasn't quite sure whether or not he liked the car, so the next day he took a little party of notables to the races with the self same driver at the wheel. When later the manager of the motor salesrooms phoned one of Doug's secretaries, he was told



H. B. Warner re-makes "Sorrell and Son" in England

that the star decided the car wasn't quite what he wanted.

A touch of Scotch thrift?

As for young Doug, he traveled three hundred miles every night the round trip from Elstree to Manchester, where Gertrude Lawrence appeared in "Nymph Errant" (a musical show being tried out), now running in London.

To make the journey, young Doug chartered a private airplane, which permitted him to remain on the set of the picture he is making. "Catherine the Great," as late as seven o'clock in the evening and still be in his front row seat in time for the rise of the first act curtain of "Nymph Errant" in Manchester.

He and Gertrude are seen at some one of the smart London night clubs every night in the week. Both deny any truth in the persistent rumor that an engagement is in the offing.

WITH Charles Laughton, at the premiere of "Henry VIII," were his five "wives" and they were as lovely in the flesh as they are on the screen. Laughton told me that Korda had succeeded in persuading all of these English women to be adamant in their refusal to accept tempting offers that have already come their way from Hollywood.

The girls are Binnie Barnes, Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton), Merle Oberon, Everly Gregg and Wendy Barrie — as



She adores London and wants to stay permanently

lovely a quintette as you'd want to see.

According to Laughton, the acting of these women has created something of a sensation in Hollywood where "Henry VIII" has been on view.

They have all promised Korda to keep on saying "No," however alluring the Hollywood offers may be.

SPEAKING of girls who say "No" (sounds like a good title for a picture, what?) I had tea the other day at the Ritz with Dorothy Hyson.

You don't know her? You never heard of her?

Dear, dear

Well, she only happened to have her name above Karloff's on billboards and in electric lights when the British made film, "The Ghoul," was released here.

And if you can top Karloff in England you're *some* star

DOROTHY is the daughter of that other perennially youthful Dorothy Dickson. And although she has lived almost all of her life on this side of the water she has an American accent you could cut with a knife.

The interesting thing about her is the fact that she is probably the only human being in the world who ever had five separate offers from five different Hollywood studios and turned them all down flat.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Made exclusively for PHOTOPLAY by Renato Toppi

BUSTER KEATON didn't intend to be a comedian. His first rôle was a serious one. But when Buster was serious, he looked so funny—he got laughs in spite of himself! The dead-pan artist has joined the foreign invasion now and is planning to leave for England to make a movie over there

Helen Twelvetrees has lived four kinds of lives. Now happily married to Jack Woody she is gradually forgetting the bitter sorrows of the past and learning to laugh all over again



Design *for* Acting

I HAVE always been inclined to smile at that line about an actress having to "live" before she can really act.

Probably you have, too. Don't you sometimes wonder just where the necessary "living" leaves off, and dramatic license begins? Hasn't it often seemed like glorified, gilded excuses for "living"?

I had a firm grip on that conviction right up until eleven o'clock this morning, when Helen Twelvetrees proved that, like many other treasured theories, that one won't hold water when you meet it face to face.

In her brief span of twenty-five years, Helen Twelvetrees has lived—both with and without quotes—This ethereal looking little girl has lived four separate and distinct lives, and each as different as if it had been spent on a separate continent.

And she had no more to say about it, no more control over it, than you would have had.

Girls—even exquisite, poignantly beautiful little cream and gold girls—don't just go shopping for Destiny.

Helen explains it this way: "You can't

say 'I'll take one of these experiences, a couple of those over there trimmed in blue, and you might send along that stannin' black one on approval'."

"Before you are twenty you choose blindly, what your impulses and emotions tell you to choose. Then you desperately try to re-shape, re-organize what you have drawn, into what you want it to be. It's a form of self-hypnosis, peculiar to women. They go on fixing over—bawling the merest suggestion of a good point here into a lasting virtue. Weeding out a bad one there, adroitly as they know how. It works—that is, it works if they have good material to start with." Helen's stricken blue eyes were remote—far away from her spacious, serene living room, with the cool white flowers.

Perhaps she was looking back at nineteen-year-old Helen Jurgens, just out of school, who married a young actor named Clark Twelvetrees, who was also nineteen. That was her second life—and what a life!

The girl who had lived her sheltered and protected girlhood in the comfortable Brooklyn Heights home, shielded by the

By Ruth Rankin

tender, loving care of a devoted father and mother, stepped blindly into a sea of turbulent emotions she never imagined possible until it happened to her. A child who had never known bitterness, poverty, or the strange ways of man—a trusting, wide-eyed youngster and a perfect “natural” for cruel disillusionment.

Life moved in on the new Mrs. Twelvetrees with a vengeance. She soon discovered that her young husband, who could be so frantically in love with her, could be equally jealous, negligent, and—shall we say—temperamental.

The two years that followed were as tragic an introduction to life as any young girl has ever had. Helen would just as soon have this part skipped over. In her new happiness she has forgotten it—so far as one can forget. But this second life is an integral and important part of her amazingly complete and separate four lives. It has been erased from her conscious memory. What she cannot erase is the look of one who has seen sorrow and tragedy that lingers in her sapphire-blue eyes.

After Helen's outstanding performance in “An American Tragedy” and other plays on Broadway, she signed a contract with Fox. Helen set out for Hollywood with high hopes—and a difficult young husband.

Their days of housekeeping in a furnished room were over. But plenty of new problems cropped up.

CLARK Twelvetrees had no contract. And he was too young to get the best perspective on things. He adored his wife. She adored him. But his high emotionalism wore away the solid rock of Helen's love for him.

“You can break a lovely vase,” Helen said, thoughtfully, “and put it back together with painstaking care—gluing each separate fragment until, at a distance, the mended places won't show. But it is never the same again. No matter how delicately you handle it, some day you will forget—and then the insecure, temporary makeshift will shatter in your hands.”

Helen Twelvetrees patched up her marriage until none of the original structure remained. The gentle girl who couldn't bear to hurt any living thing, allowed it to die a lingering, ghastly death for fully a year after a stronger-minded woman would

have severed the tie abruptly, and started over without a backward look.

Helen's next life was the play girl. Oh yes, she was ripe for that. Where the laughter was loudest, the hour latest, there was Helen—disillusioned, bewildered, hysterically trying to be the life of the party.

Her marriage left her a heritage of debts like an ominous cloud hovering over her head. And then—the climax. Her year's contract was up, and Fox made no offer to renew it.

ABAFTLED, frail wisp of a youngster, about twenty one, alone, broke, faced with debts that would stagger any man—not a remote hope to cling to.

What does a girl do in a spot like that?

She either goes back home, defeated, and is never heard of again, or she props up her chin and sees it through.

Helen bought a ticket home. Then—she decided to stick it out in Hollywood.

Soon she was rewarded with two good parts. The one in “The Grand Parade” led to “Her Man.” Then “Millie.”

And Hollywood discovered it had been harboring, all unaware, an *actress*.

I think Helen's life actually begins here. All that went before was preparation for the very real, full, happy existence that is now hers.

Her five years in Hollywood have been filled with amazing development and experience. Fate exhausted all her whims on Helen—then capriciously turned and showered her with an abundance of the things she had so long been denied. A brilliant career, a splendid *dependable* husband (Jack Woody), a beautiful baby, a lovely home set in the midst of spacious flowering gardens.

Is it any wonder that the new Helen Twelvetrees is a radiantly beautiful young woman, with the haunted look almost gone from her eyes—all gone, when she talks about her baby.

In the spring of 1933, after she finished her first picture at Paramount, “A Bedtime Story,” with Chevalier and Baby LeRoy, Helen said, “I felt right at home, working with a baby, and a man whom my husband [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]



There isn't even the *gleam* of a sock in his eye. For James Cagney has gone to the other extreme. He has donned a velour jacket and satin knee breeches, and he wins his ladies now by chucking them fondly under the chin! The recipient of this very gentle caress is Margaret Lindsay. She and Jimmy are playing together in “Lady Killer”

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck



GLORIA STUART, costumed for the leading feminine rôle in "Beloved," is appropriately pictured with a favorite perfume that is the essence of Parisian loveliness. The top of the box lifts, the front falls forward to reveal a flask of classic design

A PERFUME gift to thrill any feminine heart is this ultra-modern inspiration, used by Carole Lombard. It is an alluring, zestful scent, embodying the spirit of today. In insert, Carole's lovely hands hold the perfume in its outer covering, a chic box bound with metal and seal, after the manner of the French air mail. Observe Carole's lacquered nails

CHRISTMAS NOTES



"IT'S adorable" says Lona Andre in "Take a Chance," of this cunning atomizer, designed for the traveler. The ingenious crystal bottle is enclosed in a smart green, red, blue or black leather case. It is evaporation and spill proof.

A KNICKKNACK that many girls will welcome is this protective head covering of perforated cellophane, worn by Judith Allen. It keeps curls and make up intact when dressing and protects your garments from lipstick.



COLLEEN MOORE had an orgy of Christmas shopping recently. Among her purchases is this powder set, for day and night, for every skin, in peachbloom and rachel tones. Boxed in lustrous silver, attractively beribboned in holiday mood. A gift to please everyone.



FROM HOLLYWOOD



AS enchanting as the luxurious bath powder which it holds, is this silver crystal glass container. Colleen Moore likes the delicate flesh tone of the powder and the soft lamb's wool puff. When the powder is gone, you will find many uses for the lovely, unusual box.



SHIRLEY GREY, whom you will soon see in "Hold the Press," is using a foreign essence, a cross between a perfume and toilet water, that has sophisticates simply raving about it. Pungent, very de luxe, it is a gift divine.

"ALMOST too beautiful," comments Colleen Moore of this gorgeously packaged perfume, just off the boat from Paris. The fluted flacon, against a mirror etched with clock hands pointing to twelve, contains a heavenly odour.



Last Minute Ideas For Beauty Gifts



A REMEMBRANCE
superb is this clear cut
atomizer in crystal, smoke
or amethyst, which de-
lights Lona Andre. Lona
repeats the importance of
perfuming yourself instead
of your clothing. Inside
neckline, neck ears, hair,
hands are strategic points



THERE is a thrill,
an electric spark,
in Helen Hayes'
perfume choice, at-
tuned to the mys-
tery, beauty and
soft magic of night.
Both bottle and
box are 'mag-
natic' creations

COLLEEN MOORE
Likes the delicate,
subtle whiff of
sophistication classically
bottled in crystal column
with marbled top. A
perfume reflecting the
glamour of life and over-
liness. In perfect taste,
suited to all occasions

BETTY FURNESS
Prefers a touch
of fragrance to her
ears. Her favorite
is an English gar-
den bouquet, gay,
brilliant, as ex-
hilarating as a
flower bed in June.
New dropper bottle

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 94)

"I FIND CAMELS HAVE
A FINER FLAVOR"

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II

OF BROCKLINE



■ Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd divides her time charmingly between her serenely spacious house in Brockline, Massachusetts and the Coolidge Island in Squam Lake. Her energy and enthusiasm are inexhaustible and besides closely supervising the education of her four children she gardens a great deal, plays badminton and tennis, swims and climbs mountains. She loves dogs and raises dachshunds with great success. She gives charming dinners and her pan-fried oysters in a tomato sauce are celebrated. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

**CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND**

"Quality is just as important in cigarettes as in anything else. I prefer Camels because they are mild without being flat," says Mrs. Coolidge sincerely. "And I enjoy their full rich flavor—I never tire of their taste nor do they get on my nerves. Of course, I keep other brands in the house, too, in case some guest might want them, but I notice that Camels

seem to be the general favorite."

Camels keep right on tasting so good because of their costlier tobaccos. They never make your nerves "jumpy," always give you a smoke that never tires.

Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to \$1.00—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

*Camel's
costlier tobaccos
are
Milder*



Camel Cigarette Company

The Smart Gift!

INEXPENSIVE—YET IT HAS
"LUXURY APPEAL"
IN GIVING



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CHOSEN THE BEST MONEY CAN BUY

Not only at Christmas—but all the year long PHOTOPLAY will remind your friends of holiday thoughts.

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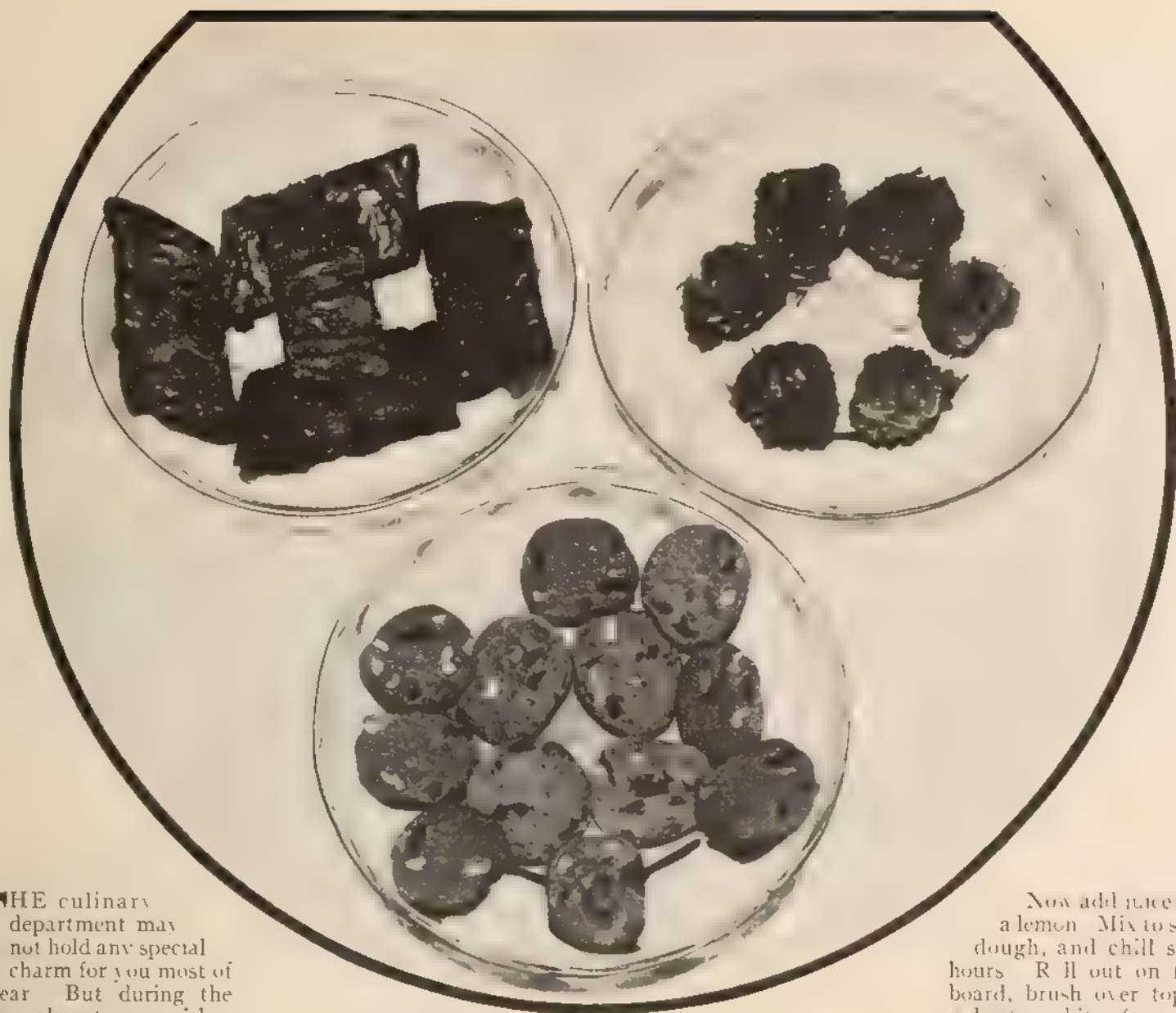
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Ph-1-34



COOKIES



When the spicy, enchanting aromas drift out, Judith Allen, like most of us girls, is lured kitchenward. Here she is mixing batter for Date and Nut Sticks

Now add juice of half a lemon. Mix to smooth dough, and chill several hours. Roll out on floured board, brush over top with unbeaten white of egg, cut in shapes desired. Sprinkle sugar over cookies and add nuts, cocoanut, maraschino cherry or any decoration you like.

Bake fifteen minutes in moderate oven. Shown with cocoanut, upper right hand corner of illustration.

Spice Cookies. Cream $\frac{2}{3}$ cup butter and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, add 2 beaten eggs. Then 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, and alternatively, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour sifted with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and 3 tablespoons sour milk in which 1 teaspoon soda has been dissolved. Chopped nuts may be added. Drop by teaspoons on buttered tins. Bake in hot oven until light brown. Pictured at bottom of illustration.

Date and Nut Sticks. Beat 2 eggs until light, add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup powdered sugar, 1 cup each chopped walnuts and dates. Add 3 tablespoons flour gradually, sifted with 1 teaspoon baking powder and pinch of salt.

Spread in shallow oblong pans, buttered. Bake in moderate oven. Cut in strips before cold. Shown in upper left hand corner.

"Don't let —— warns



"When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!"

Helen Twelvetrees



She knows her husband really loves her still, and yet something that was precious has been lost. She is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown humdrum, stale.

"DON'T let love grow humdrum!" This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

"When a man begins to take you for granted," she says, "look out!"

Then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning — and *holding* — adoration. "Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness. You can do it the way the screen stars do. Men

love grow hum-drum

HELEN TWELVETREES



She learns the Hollywood secret—that a velvet-smooth, tender skin has a charm men can't resist. She begins to use the Hollywood way to this complexion loveliness.



She begins to live over again the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now love is glamorous again, life is colorful, gay!

are *always* stirred by lovely skin!"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the large film studios.

Don't be satisfied with a skin that just "gets by." Have a skin flawlessly lovely—irresistible. Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!



*Let the Beauty
Soap of the
Stars make
your skin
Glamorous*



Ask The Answer Man



It's too late to run out now, Charlie. The old Answer Man has broken down and here confesses everything to your growing army of admirers

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH gave the tall, dark and handsome heroes a run for honors this month. The readers are just crazy about his line of comedy and his daffy expressions, and call him a first rate picture stealer. They are so persistent in asking about him, that I'll just have to confess all I know.

Although he has often been taken for an Englishman, Charlie is an Indiana boy, born in South Bend, July 26, 1899. As a lad his one ambition was to be a piano tuner. This idea fed through when he woke up to the fact that he was graduating from Notre Dame University with a law degree. And all the time he thought he was studying medicine. He passed the Indiana State bar exams and hung out his shingle. Two years it hung and then he decided he would try journalism. Wrote the obituary of a prominent South Bend citizen, only to find that the man wasn't even sick. For this he was fired.

Took to doing a single in vaudeville and played every barn that would book his act. Bookings became scarce and he secured a job as secretary to J. P. McEvoy, playwright and humorist. Through J. P. he was cast in "Amerikana," in which he delivered his famous "Ro-

tary Club" speech and sent the audience into convulsions. Following this he played prominent stage roles in "Alez Oop," "Good Boy," and "Sweet Adeline." While appearing in the latter, Warners signed him up and he made his movie bow in "The Life of the Party" with Winnie Lightner.

Charlie is 5 feet, 7 inches tall; weighs 135 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. His sole interest in politics is to study the ward robes of the Congressmen. He gets grand ideas for funny costumes from them. He is very fond of fishing, but always falls asleep on the job. Can't you just hear him say, "Ah, the pity of it." He is also fond of tennis, swimming and motoring. Has a wire-haired terrier who answers to the name of "Jerry."

In the summer of 1932 Charlie left pictures and returned to Broadway to play in "Flying Colors." It was during the run of this play that he and Ethel Kenyon were married. Later he returned to pictures. His grand work in "Penthouse" with Warner Baxter won him a long term contract with M-G-M.

HELEN LANIZ, CHICAGO, ILL. — William Haines has deserted pictures and is devoting

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PROTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

all his time to interior decorating. John Beal has returned to the New York stage.

LENA WORHLET, BLUFFTID, W. VA. — The following stars appeared in "The Big Parade" — John Gilbert, Renee Adoree, Hubert Bosworth, Claire McDowell, Claire Adams, Robert Ober, Tom O'Brien, Karl Dane and Rosita Marstini.

BONNIE RAY TYLER, MOLINE, ILL. Bonnie, how did you like the Jack LaRue story in our November issue? Some of the stars who celebrate their birthdays in August are Dolores Del Rio, Sylvia Sydney, Myrna Loy, Buddy Rogers, Ann Dvorak, Ann Harding, Charles Farrell, Norma Shearer and Madge Evans.

HELEN MATTISON, EXETER BORO, PENN. Helen, when you ask questions, you certainly asks 'em. I'd have to sit down and write a book in order to give the information on the thirty-six stars you ask about. You see, actors and actresses come and go and it is rather a problem to keep track of them once they leave the screen. Lois Moran and Jean Arthur are appearing in plays on Broadway. Dolores Del Rio and Johnny Mack Brown are busy making pictures. Enid Bennett played the part of Jackie Cooper's mother in "Skippy." Send a stamped return envelope for the rest of the information. I haven't space for it here.

SEVERAL LATIN WOMEN, BUENOS AIRES, S. A. By the looks of the two-toned typing, two of you girls must have played a duet on the keys. Well, your "Prince of Dreams," Gene Raymond, was born in New York City on August 13, 1908. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 157 and has blond hair and blue eyes. Was educated in private schools. Entered pictures in 1931. Watch for him in "Brief Moment," "Flying Down to Rio" and "The House on 56th Street." His favorite recreation is horseback riding.

JAMES RYAN, MATHFEN, MASS. — In the English version of "Paddy, the Next Best Thing" made in 1923, Lillian Douglas played the role of Eileen, Paddy's sister. Darby Foster portrayed *Luxurra Blake* which Warner Baxter did in the American talkie version. I have no information on the others you mention.

A FAN, CLIFTON FORGE, VA. — Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler will be seen together again. "Sweethearts Forever" is the picture.

ALICE MURDACH, BREMERION, WASH. — Conrad Veidt was born in Berlin, Germany, January 22, 1893. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 165 and has brown hair and blue gray eyes. Has been in pictures since 1917. In 1927 and 1928 he made pictures in America.

Design for Acting

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

resembles strikingly. Of course the baby's so cute, they probably didn't even know I was in the picture.

"Nothing like a baby to steal scenes—out of a scene has to be stolen, there isn't any one I'd rather give it to!"

SHE says it is a great relief not to have the responsibility of stardom any longer. And she means it.

"I'm tired of taking the blame if the picture isn't good. Then, too, a star's years on the screen are limited. The featured player has many years. A star has too much footage in the picture."

Helen is the screen's Premiere Mistress of Contradictions.

She looks so exquisitely angelic—and usually plays naughty girls.

"Naturally, I don't want to be typed," she said, "but the fact remains—usually the bad girls are the good parts."

"Seems to me I'm the perpetually pure, at heart street walker, always drooping over bars while some director says, 'Now, Helen, you must be very sweet about this naughty one. Remember, you haven't the faintest idea what it means!'"

Helen says she never gets tired of working, and she never intends to stop.

"I don't know what to do when I'm idle having worked steadily since leaving school. I hope to work always, until I'm a doddering old character woman, even if I have to pay them to let me!"

But Helen admits she is going to leave the screen again for a little while—whisper—because sometime she wants her young son, Jack Woody, Jr., to have a little sister.

And then the last and best of Helen Twelvetrees' four lives will be magnificently complete!



MOTHER GOOSE a la HOLLYWOOD

Stan Laurel has no fat
His partner has no lean,
And so betwixt them both
They make a good screen team

Two ways to wash woolens!



Washed wrong! Wool harsh, shrunken so that buttons won't button—leggings bind Jerry's legs.



Washed right with IVORY SNOW! Just as soft and roomy as new.

Be SAFE

with IVORY SNOW

These knitted outfits started out even. Same manufacturer. Bought in the same department store. Same price. Same size. Same soft wooliness!

In the picture above they are worn by the same baby.

What makes the differences? The washing, my dears! The suit on the right was washed correctly with pure, fluffy IVORY SNOW which dissolves perfectly in LUKEWARM water. The other one wasn't.

YOU CAN DO IT!

In the column at the right are directions for washing wools SAFELY. Read them carefully and follow them exactly to get perfect results.

1. Lay garment on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.

2. Make a generous lukewarm Ivory Snow suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make big, rich suds because Ivory Snow is pure.

3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup garment in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudsings are better than one.

4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your SNOW suds. Squeeze out as much water as possible without twisting or wringing.

5. Lay garment on your paper pattern and pull it back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

99% Pure • Quickest dissolving in lukewarm water



To make Ivory Snow, a creamy stream of pure Ivory Soap is forced through sprayers. It dries in soft, fluffy bits. No hard flat flakes! No hot water needed to dissolve it! Large size package only 15c. Enough Ivory Snow for 40-50 SAFE washings of the suit shown above.

How Sylvia Changed Ruth Chatterton's Nose and Figure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

That night she was very happy and humble. "I shall never forget Ladd Jannings for giving me this part," she said.

In a few months she was a sensation on the screen. She began to realize her importance, and many of the people she worked with did not like her. "You see, they didn't understand that a stage actress has a different attitude from picture people."

In Hollywood everybody is called by his first name. Ruth insisted upon being called "Miss Chatterton."

Once when a fresh little office boy said, "Hello, Ruth," she was furious.

ALL of this—her long wait for success, her sudden rise to fame and the fact that she wasn't popular with her set workers—made her nervous and tense. Once Ralph Forbes, who was then her husband, said to me, "Can't you do something to make Ruth's figure more supple?"

"You bet I can," I said. For I knew that she needed grace and ease to put over her rôles on the screen.

You girls, in order to be graceful, must have supple muscles. You must never tighten up.

To get rid of the tension which makes you stiff and awkward, massage your spine well every night and every morning, paying particular attention to the back of the neck. That's where the tenseness is. Then with your hands work under the shoulder muscles, so your arms will be free and graceful. Whenever a muscle is tight, dig into that muscle and massage the nervousness right out of it. Act as if you were a football player or a prize-fighter and that you were your own trainer. Those men are always supple because their muscles are kept limbered up.

Take plenty of stretching exercises. Dance by yourself to a good snappy tune on the radio. Whenever you feel yourself getting tense, relax every muscle in your body. You must think of it constantly, but this continual remembering to relax will give you grace and poise. Take it easy, girls.

Put pep and spring into your walk but keep those muscles supple. Grace will do wonders for your figure and will cover a multitude of sins.

As I've said, Ruth didn't need to go on a strenuous reducing diet. One of her favorite dishes is fish. One night as I was leaving,

Ralph Forbes called me into the kitchen and said, "Here—take these fish. I'm fed up with fish. I never wish to see another one again." There were six lovely mountain trout and I took them gladly, but I've often wondered what Ruth said to Ralph when she found that he had given them away.

As a matter of fact, Ruth needed fish in her diet.

You see, since she was so nervous, she could not have stimulating food.

She loved steaks—which are not good for a nervous person. She liked highly seasoned food which I would not let her have. I would not allow her to use pepper.

WHEN you're suffering from nerves you must stay away from these stimulating foods. You must eat the simplest dishes, cooked simply.

Heavy meats and high seasonings are absolutely out! And don't forget it! I never let Ruth Chatterton forget!

Now get busy! You can completely remodel yourselves if you'll just do everything I tell you. But be careful of that nose massage. Take it easy!

Answers by Sylvia

CORRECTING BAD POSTURE

Dear Madame Sylvia:

You must help me with my posture. I have a horrible walk. My shoulders slope and my lower jaw sticks out. What can I do?

F. G., Fort Smith, Ark.

No one can help you with your posture but yourself! If your shoulders slope, hold them up. If your jaw sticks out, hold it in! You can take back-bending exercises to strengthen the muscles in your back. You can build yourself up generally and acquire some pep and vigor, but the task of holding up your shoulders and holding in your chin is a job that you do simply by having will power and sticking to it. Yes.

I've told this before but perhaps some of you don't remember it. A grand way to hold your shoulders up is to get a friend of yours to give you a good, hard sock on the back every time you slump.

That will make you remember!

DIET FOR COMPLEXION

Dear Sylvia:

Will you please repeat the complexion diet that you gave Juan Harlow? Thank you.

Mrs. R. H. T., Pueblo, Colo.

Okay—here you are! Once a month for five days consecutively do this: Take a quart box of raspberries or cherries and, without rinsing them, put in cold water over a slow fire. Use just enough water to cover them. Boil slowly for about an hour. Spread a double layer of cheesecloth in a sieve and let the juice strain through this overnight.

Drink a glass of this juice the first thing in the morning.

Two hours after you've taken the juice drink a glass of skimmed milk. Drink a glass of skimmed milk every two hours until you've had six or seven glasses.

Just before going to bed, drink a glass of grapefruit juice.

When raspberries or cherries aren't in

TROUBLES, bothers, worries—what a joy it is, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of helpful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others. If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

season use tomato juice instead. That will make your skin clear and beautiful.

CORRECTING LINED EYES

Dear Sylvia:

I have lines around my eyes and wish there was something I could do before it is too late.

B. H. T., St. Paul, Minn.

It's a good thing to do something now but don't get the idea that it is ever too late. There's always time to be beautiful. Those lines come from nerves and strain. Every night before you go to sleep, lie in bed and very gently, in a rotating movement, lightly massage at the corner of each eye—the corner nearer the ears.

Then, with the eyes closed, gently tap the eyelids with the cushions of the fingertips. Also work with your two hands at the spine at the nape of the neck. People with lines around their eyes are usually nervous. Relax as much as you can.

FATTY LUMPS

My Dear Madame Sylvia:

I've taken the hip exercises you have given and find them wonderful, but there's one stubborn lump of fat just above the hips that won't come off. Can you tell me something to do for that? Also I want to take this time to tell you that I have enjoyed your recent radio programs immensely.

R. W., New York City

I'm glad you like the programs. I have a lot of fun doing them. Now about those lumps of fat. Certainly, there are lots of stubborn lumps that exercise won't take off. But you can squeeze those lumps off with your own two hands.

Just dig in and squeeze and don't be afraid of hurting yourself. Then put a Turkish towel over the lump and pound on it with the flat of your hand.

Squeeze and pound—that will take bumps down.

WHEN PEP IS LACKING

Dear Sylvia:

I don't know what's wrong with me. I seem to be physically okay, but I just don't have any pep. What should I do?

B. McD., Washington, D. C.

Maybe you're anemic. In that case you should eat plenty of liver and drink as much turnip-top juice as you can. Also liver extract. Maybe you're eating too much rich food and not getting enough exercise. Eat simple foods cooked simply.

Begin the morning with a cool shower and a good rub with a rough towel.

Then exercise for fifteen minutes. You didn't tell me whether you are over or under weight, so it's hard for me to advise.

SMOOTHING A WRINKLED NECK

Dear Madame Sylvia:

My complexion is pretty good but the skin on my neck is coarse and lined. How can I correct this defect?

C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn.

The reason your neck is lined is because you don't treat it as well as you treat your face. Whenever you use cold cream and lotions on your face use them on your neck, too. And when you're massaging your face carry the strokes on to your neck. Lots of girls neglect the tender skin of the neck. Get in the habit of giving it careful attention.

"I'll Be at Doc Law's"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

put on a benefit performance and raised about six hundred dollars for the homeless people. This Catholic father came from there, and he said he'd give anything to meet Will Rogers.

"Right at that minute, believe it or not, in Bill walked! Of course, I introduced the priest, who grabbed him, and I thought he was going to wrestle him right there. He was pumping Bill's arm and telling him what a great fellow he thought he was. That sincere enthusiasm warmed my heart.

"The funny part of it is that before he left, Bill was talking to him just as if he was a cowboy pal of his."

DOC drew a large beaker of foaming three-point-two from the suds-dripping nozzle of his new drug store department, and raised it above his close clipped Buffalo Bill goatee.

"The night beer came back," he related. "I had a hunch. Bill would be dropping in. You know he doesn't touch tobacco in any form or any kind of hard liquor, but he does enjoy a good glass of beer every now and then. Of course, I knew that there wasn't any use of having any beer at the store, because you couldn't get enough then to last a minute, so I kept what I could get hold of up at the house."

"Sure enough, Bill wandered in a little later and said he would kind of like to sample the new stuff so he'd know what everybody was talking about.

"Come on up to the house, then," I told him, "and we'll see what it's like."

"Okay, Doc," said Bill.

"So we tried out the brew in the kitchen of my house, which, of course, isn't anything like the place Bill's got up there on the hill. But that never made any difference to him. He's happiest, I think, when he's comfortable in his overalls, boots and an old slouch hat, and when he's in plain surroundings. So I didn't worry about serving the refreshments in the kitchen."

"Speaking about houses, I remember one time I told Bill if I ever got enough money, I was going to build me a house high up on a hill, all by itself.

"I already got one," said Bill, "but that doesn't mean a thing. Why, I never know what I'll meet on that trail leadin' down the hill from my place. You ought to see the critters that gather along that stretch."

THEN Bill grinned and told me about the time not long ago when he was leaving in a hurry for the East. His wife rushed around the house packing his suitcases and getting him ready to leave in double time so he could make the train which left in a few minutes.

"Bill rushed out of the house and on down the driveway to the gate, and there was a whole crowd of people waiting for him. Salesmen, solicitors, autograph hunters and people that had always wanted to meet him, waiting for him to come out. He was in an awful hurry, but he couldn't just pass right on by all those people waiting there to see him. It wouldn't have been nice, he said. So he stopped and talked to all of them.

"When I got through," Bill said, "doggone if I hadn't missed the train!"

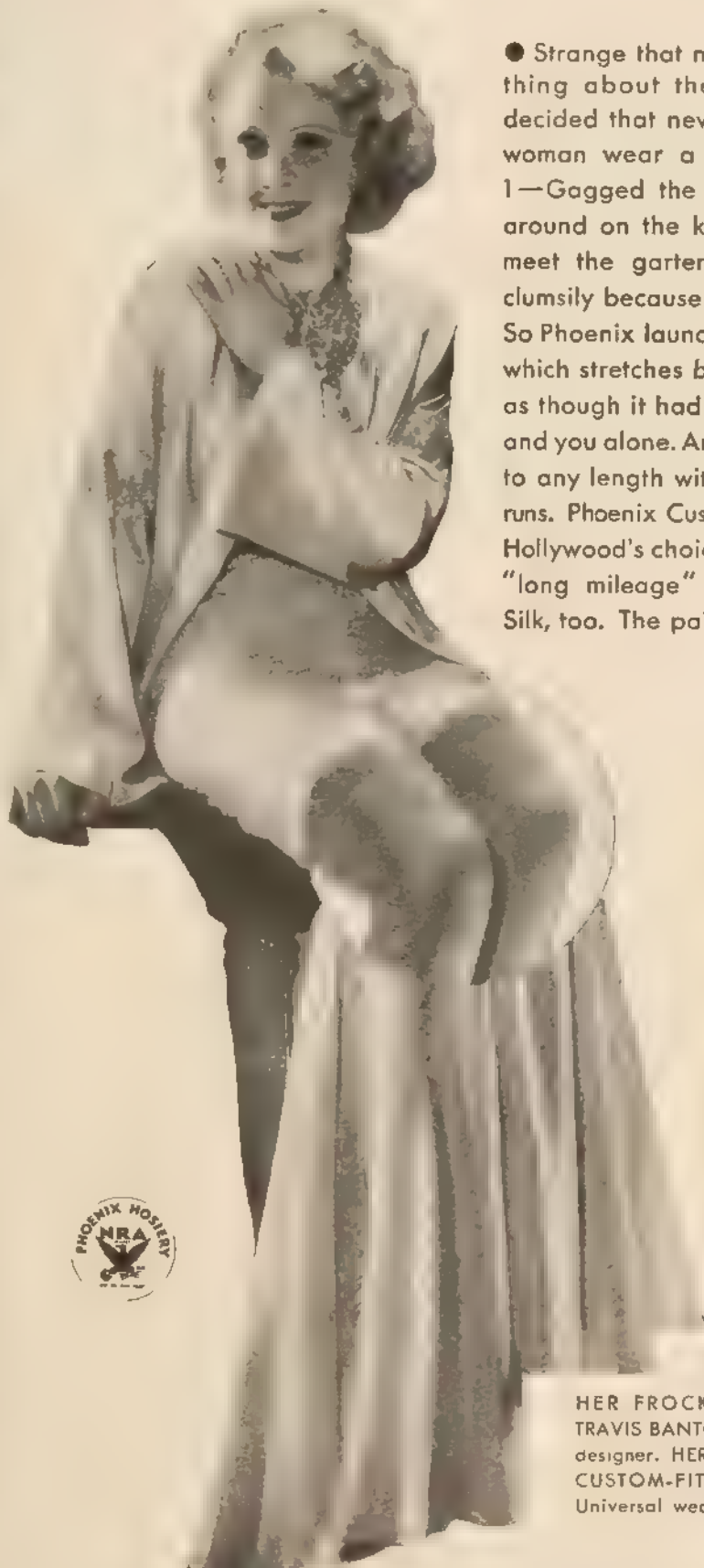
"What's that?" queried Doc Law. "Why doesn't he keep his gate locked? Oh, he does. It's locked all the time—tighter 'n a drum. But that doesn't keep anybody out.

"No, because the key is hanging right around the back of the gate post, it's easy to reach around there and get it. Everybody knows that. How do they know it? Why, he tells them, of course!"

Doc Law grinned and shook his head expressively as he hurried away up the counter to assist a customer.

"That's Bill Rogers," he chuckled over his shoulder.

Ended!—hosiery troubles common to 9 out of 10 women



● Strange that no one ever did anything about them! Until Phoenix decided that never again need any woman wear a stocking top that: 1—Gagged the thighs. 2—Drifted around on the knees. 3—Failed to meet the garters. 4—Bunched up clumsily because it was too long. . . So Phoenix launched Custom-Fit Top, which stretches both ways. It fits you as though it had been made for you and you alone. And it can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs. Phoenix Custom-Fit Top is smart Hollywood's choice. Women like the "long mileage" foot and Certified Silk, too. The pair, \$1 to \$1.95.

PHOENIX "GIBSON GIRL" COLORS

For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900's which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created "Gibson Girl" Hosiery colors. Tally-ho, Tandem, Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers' Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.



HER FROCK—a custom model by TRAVIS BANTON, Hollywood's famous designer. HER HOSE—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP. JUNE CLYDE of Universal wears this costume (Above.)

PHOENIX HOSIERY

with **CUSTOM-FIT TOP**



First Aid For The Gift Shopping List

By Carolyn Van Wyck

A gay lipstick that does wonders for a particular person, a powder that brings forth all the natural beauty of her skin, a perfume that is memorable, you cannot be quickly forgotten.

And here let me add a thought in this matter of perfume giving. To be fine and in perfect taste, perfume need no longer be an expensive consideration, for you can buy costly brands now in small vials, perfect for the purse or dressing table. Realizing the urgency of these lean years, many manufacturers have been wise enough to bottle their precious fragrances in junior bottles, well within reach of everyone. Coupled with a gay handkerchief, the smallest of perfume remembrances will grace sock, shoe or package with delight.

Then there are your more de luxe perfume concoctions, a number of which are pictured in the front pages of this department, where creative art has inspired nectar and ambrosia of scents as well as containers of great beauty. Considering gifts from the very practical

aspect, where is the woman who is not grateful for a combination of cleansing cream, night cream and tonic—the basic beauty preparations? You may purchase these separately, or more likely find them combined in attractive sets in all prices and sizes.

Lipsticks usually make a big hit. There are myriad grand ones from which to choose as well as combination packages of different tones. One box contains three in popular tones suitable for all types, according to whim. A smart affair in black and white comes for the evening lag.

A manicure kit gift often starts the receiver well on the path to lovely fingertips. And what is more important today? You can buy these from practical, modest sets at about fifty cents on upward. This idea is a life saver for the small sister who bites her nails or is careless about them. Give her a kit and watch the transformation.

If the Christmas spirit completely overcomes you and you want to do a true human kindness to friend, sister, mother or grandmother, remember the permanent wave certificates that many shops feature at Christmas. A gay certificate, resembling a counterfeit bill, reminds the receiver that a permanent wave awaits her whenever she would like to make an appointment. Here is a gift whose beauty is lasting and uplifting.

Compacts are never superfluous on the gift list. Where is the girl who ever has too many? These are modern day budget suggestions, too. One that caught my eye recently is gold washed in appearance with embellishment of simulated coral or turquoise, guaranteed to add a touch of glamour to any user. The wooden ones are cunning, too, and sometimes permit the addition of metal initials, a very personal idea. For the girl who likes lots of powder, those big, pancake affairs are perfect. Formerly, they were models of luxury, but charming ones now come for a dollar or less.

Lovely perfume bottles, atomizers and powder boxes always send me into a dither. I want them all, and, apparently, so do others. A gift of this type is always as welcome as a glorious day. It doesn't matter how many one has; a new arrival always gets first place.

WHEN you come to the male members of your family, remember them in this class, too. There are the usual shaving apparatuses, often topped with an after shave lotion. This makes a big hit. Don't I know how brothers, husbands and fathers ransack the bath cabinet, often stealing our favorite lotion in lieu of possessing one themselves?

For the person interested in her home, imagination runs riot. There is a fine soap that you can buy literally by the yard. A yard, cut in convenient rectangles, is nicely boxed. There are a dozen and one gadgets that any bathroom will welcome and that can be used by a whole family.

If you go haywire on this job of last minute gift shopping, I suggest that you walk through the toilet goods department of any good shop. You will not be at loss for long.

With this beauty giving idea in mind, you bring to this season of seasons some of the meaning of that first star over Bethlehem and help make it a happy and merry Christmas.

ABOVE
Florine
McKinney illustrates a new idea in cream application. That rubber applicator helps cleanse, tone and clear the skin. Below Dolores De Rio, between scenes for "Flying Down to Rio," dusts powder from ashes and brows with a small, thin brush.



WHILE in all the world except an engagement or wedding ring, has that sweet mystery and sentimental appeal of a Christmas gift package? Here, safe in its tissue wrappings and gay ribbons, lies a token for just you. You may guess what it is, even shake it, smell it, but you cannot know. And if you are good and really want the full benediction of a Merry Christmas, you will not open it until at least Christmas Eve.

Every year Christmas shopping becomes more of a problem. Largely, I think, because human imagination is forever deluging the shops with things to delight and thrill the feminine heart.

Following the example of the Hollywood stars and giving beauty seems to me more in accord with this season than all the other gift notions rolled into one. Giving beauty somehow seems an enduring thought. It makes the giver unforgettable as it sometimes makes the receiver, too. If you have been wise to choose

OUR Christmas list is full of suggestions for gifts and will also tell you of the newest perfumes, powders and other grand things. It is yours on request as well as hair skin, manure and personal daintiness leaflets. Enclose separate stamped, self-addressed envelope for each leaflet. Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



A strange discovery...an exciting test

Faded skin blooms again with new life

Women have proved what a scientist believed: that a natural substance in Junis Cream produces remarkable results when applied to skin.

YOUTH at middle age is more alluring than at seventeen. What a pity then that by the time most women reach 40, youth has departed from their skins.

A scientist knew that as skin grows old it loses a certain substance—a substance which makes skin fresh, alluring, glamorous. So he got some of this natural substance in pure form. He put it into the finest facial cream he could develop. Women tried it and their skins grew clearer, more transparent. Age lines melted into the soft curves of youth. Skin awakened.

Sebisol—what it is

The natural skin-softening substance the scientist put into Junis Cream he named *sebisol*. *Sebisol* is part of the chemical substance of

your own skin. It is essential to every living cell. It is so rare, we had to search the world to find a sufficient supply. Pepsodent Junis Cream contains pure *sebisol*. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we are told by women: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

You need no other cream

As you apply Junis Cream, feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—so light in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream is both a cleansing and a night cream.

Many creams contain large quantities of wax. Junis Cream does not. Wax tends to clog the pores.

We invite you to make this test

Try Pepsodent Junis Cream at our expense. We believe you will be delighted with results. You be the judge. Junis Cream, we think, will thrill you as it has thousands of other women who have tried it. Send the coupon at once.

THE PEPSODENT CO., CHICAGO

NOTE: This offer is available only to residents of the United States.

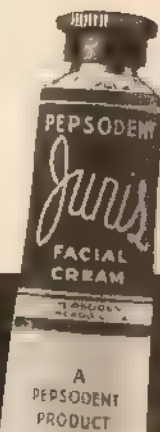
GENEROUS SUPPLY FREE

We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____



free sample

JUNIS CREAM IS A PEPSODENT PRODUCT

This coupon is not good after June 30, 1934

Winners of \$1,500 for Movie Muddles

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

that one item which I will now be able to secure with ease is my monthly copy of PHOTOPLAY - my favorite magazine."

PEGGY CASTLE, who was awarded third prize, revealed that her parents are in the interior of revolutionary torn Cuba. She added, "If I should be fortunate enough to win one of the prizes, it would I think, make me believe in Santa Claus again. There is but one channel into which every cent would be poured - the perusal of literature. My star is a far fetched one, but my one ambition in life has been to achieve a place in the literary world. Even to think that a stepping stone may be placed in my path seems almost too good to be true."

And Myrtle Lubold, who was awarded fourth prize, wrote:

"Were I to be so fortunate as to be the recipient of a PHOTOPLAY prize, I would consider same as a blessing bestowed in a time of urgent need. I have been upset of late, worrying how I would be in a position to remit for

medical services rendered in a recent operation. Any surplus remaining would be expended toward the purchase of a winter coat for a dear friend who has been out of work for over three years. The latter in itself would be a service deeply appreciated and sorely needed."

"It has been a real pleasure to compete in this PHOTOPLAY contest, as the problems were extremely interesting and enticing. Of course, I must admit that I was assisted greatly by the photographs illustrated in past copies of your wonderful magazine. Being a steady reader, I have learned to know the prominent movie stars by sight and the rest was a matter of careful planning and tireless patience."

It was extremely evident that many readers of PHOTOPLAY look forward with interest to this annual contest. Letters accompanying many of the entries bear out that statement. Also—and this should encourage many who did not win a prize this year - many a prize winner in this contest did not win with previous entries, but by coming back, won this time.

Of course, this was not considered in awarding prizes, for this was done without reference to anything but the entry itself, but later we found this to be true. So we say to all who did not win this time: "There will be another chance next year, and what you learned this time should help you then."

AND above all, PHOTOPLAY is happy to note the high degree of pleasure so many of its contestants took just in working out the Muddles, entirely apart from prizes. Many of them wrote to say how much enjoyment it gave them to test their knowledge and skill in this way, and that should they win a prize, it would be just that much extra enjoyment.

Unquestionably, this year's Movie Muddles were a source of keen enjoyment in themselves—and PHOTOPLAY is happy to have offered a contest so pleasing from its very nature, without regard to the prizes offered.

The prize winners, in addition to the first four named, are as follows:

Additional Prize Winners

\$10 PRIZE WINNERS

MADELINE F. BAKER
698 McMillan Ave., Winnipeg, Canada

OTTO RAABE
1103 Douglas, Burlingame, Calif.

MISS CONSUELO ROMERO
138 S. Townsend St., Los Angeles, Calif.

HERBERT W. JARAND
56 Willowdale Ave., Outremont, Montreal, Q., Canada

LUIS ZAIDIDOR
2 A Industria 56, Tacubaya, Mexico

MRS. CHARLES O. GREENE, JR.
523 N. 9th St., Fort Dodge, Iowa

KENNETH D. BURDICK
24 N. 10th St., Kansas City, Kan.

EVELYN L. SALEMEN
82 Seaver St., Stoughton, Mass.

CATHERINE QUINN
4th Floor, Watson Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

MRS. J. K. DYER
2094 Monroe Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

MARIE E. LEWIS
542 N. E. San Rafael St., Portland, Ore.

R. J. McGRAVE
833 University Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

CHARLES W. BODHAMS
4430 N. Seeley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HELEN C. BARKER
5823 Christian St., Philadelphia, Penna.

MISS LILLIE NEAHE
2136 N. W. 12th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

MRS. MARIE CARDARELLI
66 S. Myrtle St., Vineland, N. J.

W. B. MCGREW
2320 F. 9th St., Des Moines, Iowa

MRS. RICHARD B. SMITH
933 Main St., Honesdale, Penna.

CARL O. FROTHICH
2125 S. 88th St., West Allis, Wis.

MRS. HELEN SPEARS
817 N. Main St., Mitchell, S. D.

MRS. R. H. HOUGHTON
3605 19th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.

CHARLES STEVENSON
P. O. Box 791, Menlo Park, Calif.

MARY ALICE GRAY
1027 8th Ave., New Brighton, Penna.

MARY C. MILLER
866 1/2 N. Jefferson St., Springfield, Mo.

ERICA HANKA GORECKI
c/o Bastable & Co., 15 E. 53rd St., New York, N. Y.

MRS. PALMER M. HANSON
Scobey, Mont.

MRS. MADELINE N. WARD
4716 Lyndale Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.

LEONOR R. DURANT
254 S. Cayuga St., Williamsville, N. Y.

MRS. KATHRYN SCHMIDT
780 N. Avalon, Memphis, Tenn.

CLARENCE FROMMADIER
R. R. 2, It. Atkinson, Wis.

DOROTHY GRIMES
420 W. 65th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

DANIEL ROSS
1138 S. Richmond St., Chicago, Ill.

ANNA PSCHAMPKE
4943 W. 8th St., Philadelphia, Penna.

ELIZABETH LAFINE
1509 S. Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARTHA M. RIPPETI
90 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

INGRID ARVSTEN
4325 W. 6th St., Duluth, Minn.

LEONA LUTHER
1425 S. 88th St., West Allis, Wis.

ANNA C. GLASS
3815 W. Grenshaw St., Chicago, Ill.

JOHN L. THOMPSON
235 S. Hood St., Lynchburg, Va.

MARGARET T. HOWELL
112 S. Milton Ave., Clarendon, Va.

\$5 PRIZE WINNERS

MARY ELIZABETH JONES
241 Shaubert St., Mankato, Minn.

BORIS BELSKY
2703 Buol St., San Francisco, Calif.

BETTY ALLENWOOD
1635 Lewis Drive, Lake Wood, Ohio

JENNIE BROUDY
440 E. 67th St., Chicago, Ill.

MRS. ARTHUR J. ESS
515 Griggs Place, E. Aurora, N. Y.

TOM ALLEN
15 Laird St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada

HERMAN H. LEFKOWITZ
1216 Laugham Ave., Camden, N. J.

MRS. E. D. LINTZ
Warrington, Fla.

MISS WYNONA BACON
1630 California St., Denver, Colo.

MISS ELIZABETH FERRIS
Macon, Miss.

MARION L. HARRINGTON
38 Gard Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.

ELISE A. MEYER
2836 Lombardy Ct., Augusta, Ga.

MRS. GEORGE FOLEY
1000 16th St., Racine, Wis.

MRS. FRED NADEN
408 N. 9th St., Marshalltown, Iowa

MRS. HALLIS WEBSTER
4626 W. Capitol Drive, Milwaukee, Wis.

WM. J. BRAZIER
Box 8, Woodbury Heights, N. J.

MRS. J. R. PERRY
544 E. Main St., New Iberia, La.

MRS. MARY BOOKWALTER
160 E. 11th St., Upland, Calif.

THEODORE TORRISON
4023 Quail Ave., Robbinsdale, Minn.

MISS MAUD PETITHORY
P. O. Box 1228, Jacksonville, Fla.

MRS. ANNA HASENZAHLE
63 Rossford Ave., Ft. Thomas, Ky.

MRS ANNA PALMER
922 S Kennilworth Ave, Oak Park, Ill

MILLIE WILLIAMS
116 N 6th St, Box 795, Livingston, Mont

MRS R M BINNINGHOFF
North Main St, Columbiana, Ohio

ALMA HERMAN
723 E 8th St, Little Rock, Ark.

VERNA MARIE JENKS
3800 E Colfax Ave, Denver, Colo

JOSEPH KOCIK
3434 Highland Ave, Niagara Falls, N Y

MISS LILLIAN GRAHAM
309 Arcadian Ave, Waukesha, Wis

MRS GAYLORD A WOOD
4310 N Pennsylvania St, Indianapolis, Ind

DOROTHY A WILSON
4330 W. Beach, Gulfport, Miss.

GARRY RICHARDSON
1925 Pine St., Murphysboro, Ill.

MILDRED L MURPHY
91 1/2 Mill St, Athens, Ohio

MISS CAROL L GRAHAM
340 Church St., Poughkeepsie, N Y.

FRANCES H MELLOR
70 Maplewood Ave., Maplewood, N J

LEON NURNBERG
121 S 25th St., Omaha, Neb.

H E. KERR
1102 Shelby St., Seattle, Wash

DAVID C. MAYFIELD
1629 Clarkson St, Denver, Colo

MRS HENRY VEAZEY
R R 1, Auburn, Ind.

ALICE PEARSON
5324 Meridian, Los Angeles, Calif

YVETTE WILSON
240 N. Larchmont Blvd, Los Angeles, Calif

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED



MOTHER GOOSE a la HOLLYWOOD

Hickory, dickory, dock
Two mice ran up the clock
The clock struck one
"Which one?" Schnoz puns
Hickory, dickory, dock



BRIDGE CARDS ...FREE

Three good reasons **KOOLS** will become your favorite cigarette: They're mildly mentholated—your throat stays cool no matter how often you light up. They're cork-tipped; won't stick to lips. And each package carries a **FREE** coupon—85 bring a bridge set (2 decks) of initialed Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards....other premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only).

CELLOPHANE WRAPPED

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.,
Louisville, Ky.

CORK-TIPPED...15¢ for TWENTY

Look Out, Jack, for "Ma"!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

You gotta get attention in this game, you know. So try to understand."

"Tsk," was all Ma said as she peered behind the couch in Jack's dressing-room and extracted three socks unmated, an old sweater and some other miscellany.

YOU see," Jack went on, "a fella's got to live up to his reputation. So don't think it funny no matter what I do. I mean they expect it see. It's all a part of the game. There's always someone around to pick up that stuff and it's good publicity."

"You gotta do it if you want to get ahead. I don't want you to be embarrassed, or anything, Ma. Course I know you won't understand about the publicity angle or."

"What's that bicycle doing out there?" Ma interrupted.

"Oh, belongs to one of the messenger boys, I guess. I—" At the look of interest on her face, Jack stopped. And stared. "Ma, listen, you ain't."

"My, it looks like such a nice bicycle. I haven't ridden a bicycle for years. I was just thinking, Jack, I'll bet I could ride it clear around this parkway three times without falling off more than twice."

"Ma, you couldn't."

But Ma was off. Zip. Around the bend she tore while four Marxes coming unexpectedly around the corner, took to the fire escapes.

"Yoo hoo, Jack, look," she called at the first lap, "I'm still on."

At the sound of the revelry (and did Ma put it on) there was a sudden opening of dressing-room doors. Heads famous heads, were thrust out.

At the second lap there were cheers from the grandstand. Ma was going over big.

"Let go the handle bars," the Marx Brothers urged from the various fire escapes. Bing Crosby and Gary Cooper leaned from their dressing-room windows.

"Give her more rope, Ma," Gary called.

At the third lap there was wild acclaim. "Shucks. I could do better if I had more room," Ma boasted.

"Say, there's a swell place on the back lot," someone suggested, and that was enough. Ma, the bicycle and the former Oakie audience were off for the back lot while on his dressing-room steps, alone and forsaken, sat Mrs. O'Neil's little boy, Jack.

"Gee," he muttered to himself, "Gee, does Ma ketch on."

He was right. Ma's famous ride made seventeen movie columns and twenty two headlines in three days.

A vivacious, bright-eyed little person is this mother of Jack's, with a never-to-be-downed spirit that catches and spreads to everyone about her. Exactly as a lighted match to a dry forest. And with the same devastating result. She's sure fire.

She spends hours pouring over her scrap book into which every line, every word that has ever been written about Jack, is pasted. But right alongside of it, and don't you forget it, is her own publicity. And she's had plenty of it in her amazing life.

The daughter of a minister back in Sedalia, Mo., and the wife of a prominent banker, Ma was a pioneer in this business of getting out of a home and doing things. There never has been any mustiness in the front parlor of her life.

The "O'Neil School of Expression" was famous in those parts. And those plays that Ma put on and directed. Dear me. Were they something? When her husband died and things went kind of wrong for this little woman, nothing daunted, she came on to New York with two children and seven dollars. And got a job teaching philosophy at Columbia University. Made good, too.

She's written several books of philosophy and some mighty good poetry and can wise-crack Jack out of his suspenders. She knows practically all the answers and it's no use. You can't keep her down. And now that she's launched herself on a movie career—look out. One small bit in "Too Much Harmony" and look where Ma is today. All over the place as a matter of fact.

"AND I'll just bet," she said, "there isn't another movie actress in the business that has her own fan following before she even begins her career. Look at these. Dozens and dozens of letters from girls all over the country who have been my pupils. Now, show me another beginner with a following like that. Just show me."

She phoned Jack at home one evening from the studio. "I'll be late, honey," she said.

"Thought you finished your part this afternoon," Jack said.

"Oh I did, son. But there was such a nice little girl here from one of the magazines wanting an interview with you, and two of the nicest gentlemen reporters from the papers

wanting material. So, knowing you must be awfully tired and all, I told them not to bother you, son. I'd take the interviews, if they didn't mind. So I'm getting interviewed now."

There was a gurgling sound at the other end of the phone.

"And oh, Jackie, wait. You'd better just go ahead and eat dinner without me."

"Why, Ma. Where you going?"

"Well, I just thought I'd run over to the Brown Derby tonight and let myself be seen with the other stars. And I suppose I'll be signing autographs 'till all hours of the night, so you better not wait up for me."

There was the sound of a falling body on the other end of the wire.

AT the gala premiere of "Too Much Harmony," there was Ma. Dressed to kill, and bowing from left to right. "Look, look," the fans said, nudging one another. "There's Mrs. Oakie. Yoo hoo, Mrs. Oakie. Could we have your autograph?" And Jack held Ma's purse while Ma signed. And this, mind you, on one small bit in one picture. Heaven help Garbo if Ma ever gets going. You just can't down Ev. What it takes, Ev's got.

"You know," she confided to Jack when the picture was about to be released, "I'd love to see how I'm going over in the big cities."

"Great," roared Jack, "you're practically on your way." And hurried right out to buy Ma a ticket to New York.

Now, he thought, I can get a little publicity for myself. A little for myself wouldn't be so bad for a change.

Next day the headlines screamed the story, "Mrs. Oakie brings her own rocking chair to New York." Pages, columns, were written about Ma's chair. If she'd thought up a giraffe or a pet tiger, she couldn't have done better. And Ma sat blithely on in New York in her rocking chair being interviewed and photographed. And she rocked right on to Washington. Gathering the spotlight as a farmer gathers in the sheaves.

While out in Hollywood a rather droopy young play boy sat forlornly on his dressing-room steps and thought. He didn't want to play anymore. Everyone was too busy watching Ma to notice.

There's one thing he knew. His Ma had given him a spanking. She'd stolen the thunder right out from under his nose.

And even he had to grin about it.

She's that cute.

Do Screen Stars Act Like Human Beings?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Although Dix is the biggest eater, it doesn't follow that he pays the largest checks. For instance, one afternoon, Joe says, young Junior Laemmle came in with Eph Asher and Director Charles Rogers for lunch.

"Bring us a little caviar, Joe," Junior instructed. "The doctor said I should eat caviar today."

Joe did. At the Roosevelt, caviar is served at \$2.50 a portion, but when Joe brought the portion, Junior told him to leave the box. Between the three of them they ate all the caviar it contained.

Consequently, Joe tendered a check for \$38.

"What, Joe—I'm not going to pay \$38 for lunch here, am I?" Junior wanted to know.

"Not if you don't want to, Mr. Laemmle," countered Joe. "But that's what you ate."

The gentleman who craves the most service, declares Joe, is David O. Selznick. Also he's the most liberal tipper to pay for it. But he wants what he wants when he wants it, and that's quick. He eats as fast as he talks, and just as soon as he is through, Joe knows he can lead another party to the table, because he will be leaving right on the dot.

Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, Joe says, in their days as a family team, ate full course dinners holding hands under the table. They still go places together. They like boneless roast squabs stuffed with apples and pears, finished off with plenty of Camembert cheese. Maurice Chevalier comes in with his eternal secretary, Max Ruppia, and spends quite a lot of money on his dinner, but exhibits something of the French thrift under the plate. Marlene

Dietrich drops in occasionally for a cup of coffee—nothing more.

Ruth Chatterton, Joe says, is one of the most gracious ladies he has ever met. Her broad "A" resounds throughout the room, but once, when a couple from out of town desired to be introduced, she not only acknowledged the introduction but invited them over to her table and insisted upon paying the check—or her husband (at that time Ralph Forbes) did.

Walter Huston always calls up before he comes and tells Joe how many there will be in his party. "Whatever you fix will be fine, Joe," he says. But Walter likes best English mutton chops, veal kidneys with mushrooms, cole slaw and fresh asparagus. His favorite dessert is baked Alaska.

But the Blossom Room really brightens up

to its very brightest when the Eddie Cantors stroll in.

"Mr. Cantor always comes with Mrs. Cantor and his five daughters," says Joe, "and quite often he has a pal or two from Tin Pan Alley with him, too. 'Fix us up a nice dinner, Joe,' he says, '*a la carte*.' He really means *a la carte*, you know. We never give him a check, because he never carries any money. We always sign his name, tip the waiter the amount he desires, and then send the waiter bill to him at his house. He says he doesn't want to have a good dinner spoiled by seeing what it costs."

Another father who takes the family out in a big way is John B. Les. John comes to the Blossom Room with Mrs. Boes and his little girl, and his entire evening is spent seeing that his young daughter has a good time. It's "honey" this and "honey" that as long as the evening lasts, according to Joe, and John pays in cash. Doing an exact about face to Lolla Cantor, he abhors bills.

"Charlie Chaplin comes in here frequently with Paulette Goddard," Joe remarked, "and he is the easiest of our patrons to please. Unlike so many of the others, he does not like to be in the limelight. He doesn't want a table on the dance floor, but prefers to retire to some dark corner. His favorite dish is Chinese chicken with noodles, and if we haven't any on the menu, I run around to the Chinese restaurant nearby, get some, and warm it up for him. Miss Goddard often prefers an avocado salad, but both of them are always charming and very simple to please."

Another salad bound is Lilyan Tishman, who generally arrives at about noon, with a lady friend or two, never with hubby Edmund Lowe. And, although she is generally conceded to be the "best dressed woman in Hollywood," Joe has never seen her in anything but very simple, though most becoming, gowns. But she eats enough salad to stock a garden.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Iranchot Tone often come to dinner together. Joan likes white chicken meat and salad with a dressing made of olive oil and lemon juice. In the early days, Joe remembers, Joan used to eat anything and everything, but that's all changed now that she rides a bicycle and tanks off her figure.

Joan dotes on children. If she happens to see one at any other table in the room, she gets up and goes over for a visit. And the children always like her.

Greta Garbo used to come frequently to the Roosevelt for lunch in the summer when the roof garden was open.

"All she wants," says Joe, "is just to be left alone. I seat her in a corner and take her order myself. She is always reserved and dignified, but never high hat; and she treats those who wait on her like gentlefolk. Naturally, she is stared at a great deal, but she ignores these curious eyes—quite unlike Charlie Farrell, who will smile back, or like Eric Von Stroheim, who will often stand up and acknowledge the stare with a stiff, military bow."

Jack Warner, the producer, is the exact opposite. He'll greet everybody in sight as "pal," meanwhile eating cheese strudel.

Ernst Lubitsch, the director whose light, whimsical touch has made his naughty-naughties so delightful, also is everybody's friend. He greets bus boys and waiters as well as Joe with a handshake and eats his beloved German *reibraten* with the other hand.

Mary Brian always comes in with a coterie of boy friends—different ones each time. She dislikes any fuss or special attention, and selects at random from anything on the menu.

Another great favorite with Joe Mann and his waiters is little Helen Twelvetrees. She is always sweet and charming. She relies largely upon Joe to select a meal for her.

So if you want to know who is Hollywood's greatest hostess, who possesses the friendliest spirit among all the tinsel and glitter, who is the most dignified personage at table, Joe will tell you without even stumbling over a syllable.

500 PEOPLE SHOW HOW TO END COLDS IN HALF THE TIME

Average cold lasted 5 days.
Pepsodent Antiseptic cut
time in half. New rule
for avoiding colds.

Recently an interesting
brought to light new
scientists found that
gle and to spray with
as to how many colds
makes a difference as
These scientists too
and observed them
Here are some of the
covered.
A cold will last five
Pepsodent Antiseptic
of a cold is cut to two
from a cold were saved.
Many of the group
Antiseptic cold
months. These

Make \$1 do the work of \$3 WHEN FIGHTING COLDS

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you much greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

IN one of the largest tests of its kind ever made Pepsodent Antiseptic proves itself impressively. This proof lies in results that everyone can understand. Read carefully for these facts are vitally important to your family's health.

Practical yet scientific proof

Last winter 500 people were divided into groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time.

Think of that! Fewer colds—colds ended in half time. That is what modern science offers you in Pepsodent as compared with ordinary antiseptics.

For your information

You may not know that, when mixed with an equal amount of water, many leading mouth antiseptics cannot kill germs. But Pepsodent Antiseptic does kill germs in less than 10 seconds—even when mixed with two parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic—and save money.



PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Katharine Hepburn's Inferiority Complex

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

not good looking enough. Besides, I can't believe I can act. I'd be scared to death, up in front of all those people. Anyhow, I don't think my voice is strong enough."

Instead, her parents more or less left her to her own devices.

If she wanted to play theater, as a child her mother let her ransack the trunks in the attic for a suitable costume.

If she decided to turn her bedroom into a stage set for the day, nobody scolded her for pulling the furniture around. (But she knew she must put it back before bedtime.)

Let her sing and holler—it's good for her lungs! Let her run, and jump and climb and "skin the cat"—it makes her strong and husky.

Of course she can "chit" herself as many times as the boy next door—why not?

Katie has muscles strong as steel. Let her ride on her pony 'cross country—she'll learn to stick on.

Let her skate, learn to shoot, play ball with the boys.

"SHE grew up and developed free from inhibitions in her emotional life and with almost immeasurable vision and imagination," Mr. Fielding commented. "In childhood, the fear of doing something contrary to the wishes of papa or mama, and thus incurring reprimand was quite an unknown experience for her. As a consequence, she was able to meet life without fearing to displease and without of doing the thing that is not 'proper'."

This, then, explains the unusual conduct of this new star, the conduct which makes even cynical, gay Hollywood sit up and take notice.

When Katie sat on a curb on the studio lot and calmly read her mail, the cynics nodded and shouted, "publicity seeker."

When Katie refused to arrange her hair in the conventional mode which she preferred to wear denim overalls and a sweat shirt, again she was branded, "publicity hound."

The opinion never phased her. She ignored it.

"The so-called goofy tactics she resorts to," Mr. Fielding explained, "are simply another evidence of her resourcefulness, her freedom, and lack of fear. They reflect too her early training. Her mother never made her self-conscious by telling her she looked silly or scolding her with the phrase, 'Nice little girl, don't act that way!'"



She had never been in a movie then! But after the students at Bryn Mawr presented "The Lady of the Moon," Hepburn, as Pandora, posed while a classmate took this picture of Katie.

No, Katharine Hepburn certainly isn't self-conscious. Consequently she always feels adequate in any situation. Take for ex-

ample, the incident at the opening of her latest picture, "Little Women."

They previewed this picture in a tiny theater in Santa Ana. After it had been running about five minutes, the film broke. Several more minutes elapsed. The operators were unable to fix it properly. The audience was getting impatient. Suddenly Katharine Hepburn jumped on the stage, unsolicited, wearing her slacks and sweater.

She put on an impromptu "personal appearance" show which so thoroughly engaged the attention of the audience that they forgot about the broken film. While they saw no picture that night, they left the theater satisfied and pleased because Hepburn herself had entertained them with gay, informal chatter.

If she had been frightened or uncertain, her impromptu entertainment might have been a flop. No evidence of an inferiority complex there!

"Many people would say," we commented to Mr. Fielding, "that Hepburn traded in her inferiority complex for a superiority complex!"

"THERE is no such thing," he answered. "People are either normal or inferior. People whom we call 'conceited' or believe to have a feeling of superiority are usually struggling with an inferiority complex. They are trying to inflate their ego and make everybody see how smart they are, or how intelligent they are or how strong they are. They don't believe in themselves, but they feel they must try to impress others."

"No, I should say that Hepburn now has a very healthy normal viewpoint. Her path is not cluttered up with foolish fears and inhibitions. There are no obstacles, for she refuses to recognize them. She cannot conceive of wanting to do something that cannot be done. And when she wants to do a thing, it must be done quickly, without delay."

His comment brought to mind the incident when Hepburn suddenly turned on her heel one day after finishing "Morning Glory," waved goodbye to friends on the lot and was off like a flash in a high powered airplane for New York. Dressed in overalls, no baggage, no encumbrances. She wanted to go, so she went. There was no fear of being unable to travel without cosmetics, without extra clothes.

She is free as a bird to do as she wishes when the impulse strikes her.

And Now Taps Sound for Tex!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

do it. No one knew then that Von Stroheim would climb to the enviable heights of directorial stardom. None but Tex Guinan whose faith in his talent never faltered.

JOE FRISCO, who staggered his way to fame with the aid of a long black cigar on which he chewed feverishly, was one of Tex Guinan's protégés. She saw Joe smoking nervously one evening at a corner table over a twenty five cent bowl of goulash and a nickel cup of coffee. Tex burst out laughing. He looked so funny.

Joe told her his troubles.

"Always look like that, honey, you're a scream when you're worried," she advised him. It was those few wise words which carried Frisco to the heights, even to pictures when talkies first came in. A grand comedian whom Tex saw as a living caricature.

Tex told me, only a few months ago, about Ruby Keeler's first job in her big night club when Tex had prospered plenty and all society bargained for ringside seats.

"A sweet little kid," Tex described her, "scared to death of Broadway. She thought the big bad wolf was hiding somewhere ready to eat her. Then along came Jolson and took her right out of circulation."

Ruby Keeler learned the intricacies of tap dancing at Guinan's club. She was almost an amateur at it when Tex took her on. But those twinkling feet became a main attraction, as, night after night, Ruby stepped out and went into her routine. That little girl always got a great big hand and Tex Guinan, perched high on her stool, barking raucously at her Park Avenue patrons, never had to beg them to pound on the tables. A din of applause always

followed Ruby's appearance. It was from here Ruby went on the Broadway stage and about the same time became the bride of Al Jolson.

And Stanwyck. Insisting on getting a break. And seeing Tex Guinan about it personally.

"She didn't have to look coy and sweet," Tex confided to me one afternoon in her little Eighth Street apartment. "That Stanwyck girl always knew what she wanted and how to get it. She's got a good head on her shoulders, a good clear head that she uses for more than a hat rack."

SO Tex, the maker of Hollywood stars—passes on. And with her passing myriad memories of other days are stirred, those early struggles for the first chance which every picture star in Hollywood today has had to go through. Goodbye, Tex. And a happy journey.

The Amazing Story Behind Garbo's Choice of Gilbert

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

role to him willingly. And today, looking back on this strange twist of events, I have no bitterness in my heart. Only a great respect for Gilbert's accomplishment and a decided realization that there must be spiritual harmony between screen lovers if their scenes are to be truly convincing."

Laurence Olivier was too modest to go on from there with his story. But it is known that Metro called him into their executive offices and offered him any other rôle in any other picture he cared to play. They had no fault to find with his acting. Olivier's is a polished technique, perfected through years of stage training and inherited from a long line of histrionic ancestors. His first love has always been the stage. Jed Harris wired, offering him a star rôle in "The Green Bay Tree," on Broadway. Olivier decided to accept it.

Olivier is making a tremendous hit in the play, starring opposite his wife, Jill Esmond. Jill's been in pictures, too. Remember her as the society girl in "Is My Face Red?" with Ric Cortez? A lovely English voice and exquisite poise and not at all short on good looks. Perhaps that's why Olivier's work in the play is so convincing—he's inspired by his own wife's beauty and charm.

And as this is being written I understand John Gilbert has done so well for himself in "Queen Christina" that he is being talked of as possible star in the new musical version of "The Merry Widow."

Maurice Chevalier was signed for this rôle before he left for his vacation in France. And Maurice is considerably worried that he, too, may be replaced by John Gilbert as was Laurence Olivier. Just what Gilbert's future in talking pictures will be from now on will be an interesting speculation. The strange twist fate gave him when he thought he was really through.



He's made many an Englishman laugh! And now Nigel Bruce, British funnyman, is going to act comical for Americans. Bruce has signed with Fox for a rôle in "I Am Suzanne"

"You, too, can have the Beauty Secret I gave Dolores del Rio"



says
Sylvia
of Hollywood

beauty adviser to famous stage and screen stars

Hear Sylvia in person, revealing the beauty secrets she gave famous stage and screen stars. NBC Red Network, Coast to Coast, Tuesdays, 10:30 pm, F. S. T.



DOLORES DEL RIO, exotic RKO star of "FLYING DOWN TO RIO," noted for her lovely figure

"I'VE solved every kind of a beauty problem for the movie stars," says Sylvia. "That's why I know I can help YOU make your figure lovelier. With my Personal Consultation Chart,* which I send you free, you'll receive a 32 page booklet which contains the same diets and exercises I used on the movie stars. I promise, if you'll follow both exactly, you can have a graceful, youthful figure. But remember—exercise without diet is wasted energy."

Oh no, you won't starve! Dieting Sylvia's way is no hardship. If you remember one simple thing—eat Ry-Krisp with every meal—breakfast, lunch and dinner!

"That's the beauty secret I gave Dolores del Rio—my one rule for everyone. It's an easy rule to follow, because these crisp, whole rye wafers taste so good."

More important—they're

good for you. Easily digested and regulating, they satisfy hunger safely because they're filling but not fattening.

"BEAUTY THE HOLLYWOOD WAY is easy. Simply send for my Personal Consultation Chart* and begin to eat Ry-Krisp today."

Ry-Krisp Wafers are popular at every meal with everyone. They're delicious and healthful, too. Simply made of flaked whole rye, water and salt—double baked for full flavor and lasting crispness. For a real treat, try Ry-Krisp lightly buttered, heated in a moderate oven (350 F.) and then cooled until full crispness returns. It's marvelous that way.

Your grocer has Ry-Krisp in red and white checkerboard packages. Why not order some right now? And save that valuable package top.*



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Phantom Daddies of the Screen

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"Milton had no special plans for Kenyon," Doris said. "He was not particularly ambitious for him. All he asked was that he develop a fine character and become a fine citizen, and the rest would take care of itself. I have him in public school—he's in the second grade, too, at the age of six. He plays with the Barrymore children and, oh, he's such a manly little man!"

Some day Kenyon will see the phantom of his father on the screen and hear his voice. What will his reaction be? Even Doris Kenyon would like to know.

IN a neighborhood theater in Hollywood a year or two ago, a re-issue of an old-time racing thriller featuring Wally Reid was projected on the screen. There he was, the lebonair, smiling idol who had been admired by millions the world over. The audience saw him clamber into a low-hung car and send it hurtling around the track, crashing through a fence at a turn, spinning end for end, inflicting death and destruction and winning readily by the hero's margin, though somewhat worse off for the wear.

The audience applauded wildly, because Wally Reid's thrillers were thrillers yet couldn't forget. Lacy had his punch.

Crippled by a theater seat this day was a lad vainly endeavoring to stifle half a dozen sobs as the picture unrolled.

His hair was sandy colored and messy. His eyes were blue—a sort of light hazel hue—and something about his general appearance seemed familiar.

"Who is he?" a number of persons thought. "Don't we know him?"

When the "thriller" was finished, a kindly man leaned over the boy and asked:

"What's the matter, son? Why are you crying?"

That's where the boy "let it out" as his daddy said.

William Wallace Reid was the boy. Billy Reid, they called him. Billy was slightly more than five years old when his illustrious father died in 1923. One morning only once has he run into one of his daddy's pictures unexpectedly. Yet he fears or hesitates to approach a picture theater with a view of buying a ticket because of the possibility that he may again suddenly see before him that happy, sunshine radiating idol whom the world acclaimed as his father, in phantom figure. To this day—and Billy is sixteen now—he lives in constant dread, or fear, or anticipation. He doesn't know which.

LOCKED in a storage vault, Mrs. Dorothy Devenport Reid, the widow, has prints of two pictures that Wally made—"Forever," a Peter Ibbotson story, and "Across the Continent," a racing production. Ten years they have remained there undisturbed. Ten years more they may be there, undisturbed.

"I haven't had the courage to get them out and run them," Mrs. Reid explained. "In 'Forever' Wally enacts the rôle of a man who goes mad and dies in prison. It's a terrible thing to see—and yet one of his masterpieces. I couldn't watch it again. Not now. Certainly I couldn't exhibit it to Billy or to Betty, our adopted daughter.

"Betty is fourteen. She was only three when Wally passed on. She remembers him but dimly and has never seen him in motion. Her only conception of how he looked and acted will come from 'still' pictures and the phantom she will see when I get out 'Forever' and 'Across the Continent'.

"I try to impress upon the minds of the two children that their father is still near them, that he is around and about them. I keep the

house vitally alive with his pictures. I have looks and books of them, and Billy and Betty sometimes go over them for hours together. Wally took Billy out in a racing car once and Billy has never forgotten it. To this day he has the racing 'bug' and takes the greatest delight in tinkering with and driving a machine. He has appeared in one motion picture as a race driver and loves it."

Billy was cast for the rôle of *Carruthers* in "Tom Brown of Culver," by Universal, but Mrs. Reid turned thumbs down upon it, because to her it was not truly a Wallace Reid characterization.

Strange it seems that most of the picture stars are fated to make at least one hard-boiled production just prior to their death or departure from films. Take the case of Fred



Little Fred Thomson, Jr., is the son of Frances Marion, well-known scenario writer. She says she will never consent to the child's seeing his father playing in the rôle of the notorious outlaw, Jesse James.

Thomson, one of the cleanest and most idolized of Western stars. Princeton graduate, executive in the Boy Scouts of America, athlete who participated in the Olympic Games in Europe, amateur boxer and friend of Gene Tunney, an ordained minister, chaplain of the 143rd Field Artillery in the World War, Fred was adored by American youth. When he died in 1928, he left a son, Fred Thomson, Jr., two years old, his "little pal." Fifth from the last picture Fred made was based on the life of Jesse James, this country's most notorious outlaw.

Has little Fred, Jr., seen this production? Not on your life! Frances Marion, famous scenarist, his mother, has kept him scrupulously from any possibility of his seeing it. The production was a terrible "flop" and was retired soon after its initial showing. Fred Thomson admires just wouldn't accept him as a bank looter, train robber and night rider. They wanted him "clean," or not at all.

Nevertheless, the menace existed, and there

was no telling when little Fred would unexpectedly see his daddy as a cold blooded, ruthless killer. One thing Fred, Jr., does see daily to remind him of his daddy is a beautiful white horse, Silver King, which Fred rode in all his pictures. Silver King is at home, "pensioned," of course, for the balance of his life. He will never again be seen in films, Frances Marion says.

ANOTHER little "shaver," who for years has faced the possibility of seeing his only known parent as a phantom, is Donald Mike Gallery, who was adopted from an Austin, Texas, orphanage by Barbara La Marr. Don knew nothing of his real father and mother when Barbara, "the too beautiful girl," espied him in a crib and pleaded that she be made his foster mother. Her own baby had died.

"There's never been one day—not one hour—since they took my own little boy out of my arms," she cried, "that I haven't longed for the feel of a baby against my breast. Lots of nights I've waked up thinking I heard that little voice that has been still so long, calling me. Lots of times, as I opened the door to come in, I forgot and looked to see his little face."

The impassioned plea of the glorious Barbara was heeded and little Don passed into her keeping while he still was in his swaddling clothes. He was three and a half years old when Miss La Marr died at Altadena in 1926, and ZaSu Pitts and Tom Gallery adopted him.

One of the pictures Barbara made, a little more than a year before her collapse, was "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," a Metro production based on the Robert W. Service poem of the same name. Barbara never wanted her little Don to see this picture.

The poem recites a dramatic story of how on a night of incredible cold, a miner stumbled into the "Malamute saloon." The stranger goes to the battered old piano, plays sweet music upon it, then suddenly stops with a crash. And—

"I want to state and my words are straight and I'll bet my poke they're true,
That one of you is a hound of hell . . . and that one is Dan McGrew.
Then I ducked my head and the lights went out and two guns blazed in the dark,
And a woman screamed, and the lights went up and two men lay stiff and stark.
Pitched on his head and pumped full of lead was Dangerous Dan McGrew,
While the man from the creeks lay clutched to the breast of the lady that's known as Lou."

Barbara, of course, was "the lady that's known as Lou." She was insistent that this be a chapter from her picture life which should be kept from Donald. It was too sordid. It carried a wrong impression of her.

THERE are other children—lots of them—in the film colony who see either their dead father or mother moving life like across the screen, but most of them have reached the age of understanding. There's Creighton Chaney, for example, son of the late Lon Chaney, greatest of all character actors. One of Creighton's most prized possessions is a film showing his father making camp by the side of a stream away up in the Sierra Madre Mountain range. He has films showing his father moving happily about a cabin up there where the fishing was good. Money couldn't buy these possessions.

Finally there is little ten year old Stratton Nomis, son of one of the greatest aerial stunting daredevils that Hollywood ever had—Leo Nomis was killed in February of 1932 when,

engaged in a dog-fight with two other well known aviators 1,500 feet up, he put his ship into a falling leaf for the kick of the picture.

But something went wrong and instead of coming out of the falling leaf, the ship went into a tailspin and crashed. The engine buried itself a full eight feet in the ground.

Little Stratton Nomis could look at that terrific air battle and truthfully cry out:

"There—that was my daddy!"

The credit, of course, went to the star of the picture—and audiences applauded him on all the moving picture screens throughout the country. But it was Leo Nomis' body that was taken to a little evergreen plot in one of Hollywood's cemeteries.

For that's life—and death—in Hollywood.

Pinch Hitters That Came Through

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

The studio, all agog, sent out an SOS for a substitute.

In Hollywood was a good actor named Ivan Lebedeff, a cultured Russian. Once upon a time he had played important rôles, but in recent years his talents had been lost in insignificant bits.

Would he play the part of Harlow's foreign lover in her new picture?

He had been waiting for a break like that for a long, long time!

Lebedeff played the part—and he played it well. Once again he is in line for important rôles. But if Asther hadn't walked out, Lebedeff's name might have remained hidden and obscure, listed at the end of casts.

Then there was the time Paramount bent itself double and all the script writers tore their hair trying to keep Miriam Hopkins on the set. The picture was "No Man of Her Own." Miriam was to co-star with Gable, who was borrowed from M-G-M for the picture.

Work began, and Miriam complained. First, the part was too weak, too saccharine. The script writers wrote and rewrote, trying to strengthen it. Then Miriam decided she was being over-shadowed by Gable.

FINALLY, Miriam went to lunch one day, and didn't come back. She flew to Palm Springs. Studio executives phoned and telegraphed. They begged, they pleaded, they threatened.

Then they put Carole Lombard in the role.

Carole scored a big success. The public liked her teamed with the great screen lover. Carole had played leads before, but the role that Miriam high-hatted greatly increased the Lombard lady's screen prestige and was an important addition to her list of successes.

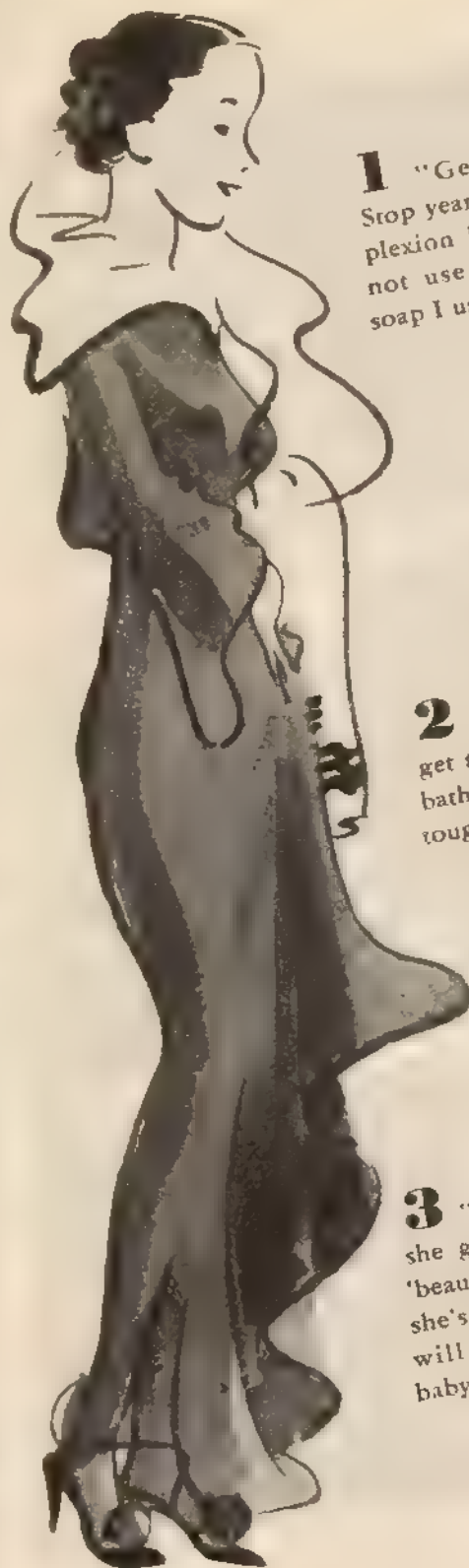
"The Way to Love," with Chevalier and Sylvia Sydney, was well in production when Sylvia's throat trouble made it inadvisable for her to continue working. Europe seemed the best place to recover, so Sylvia sailed.

The well-known panic was on. Finally difficulties all around were solved happily by borrowing Ann Dvorak from Warners to play the vacated part—and it is the opinion of many critics that she was better suited to the character than Miss Sydney.

John Stahl, out at Universal, wanted Irene Dunne to play the girl in his "Only Yesterday." He wanted her so badly that a substitute no one else would do. This great epic was Stahl's pride and joy. It had been in preparation for months.

Finally Irene was set for the part—and then salary trouble set in. The proceedings were delayed for so long that it was time for Irene to make a much anticipated visit to New York to see her husband, and she refused to put it off.

Things were in a terrible tangle. Ten leading



1 "Get wise, sister! Stop yearning for a complexion like mine. Why not use the same pure soap I use?"



2 "Yes, and don't forget to use Ivory for your bath, too. Winter's so tough on your skin."



3 "W hew! I'm glad she got rid of her fancy 'beauty' soap. Now that she's using Ivory her skin will stay smooth as a baby's."



Don't dilly-dally another minute, if you yearn for a baby-smooth, baby-clear complexion. These raw wintry winds can make a girl's face like sandpaper, if she's not careful. So start your Ivory beauty treatments today. Ivory won't dry up the natural oils that keep your skin silky-smooth.

Ivory, you know, is so pure that doctors recommend it even for tiny babies. Surely the soap that is best for a baby's sensitive skin is safest for your own complexion.

And . . . stay far, far away from "beauty soaps" that may hide impurities behind fancy perfumes and lollipop colorings.

And be a baby about your bath, too! Hot, dry rooms—raw, chilly winds! These days, your skin all over needs Ivory's soothing, gentle care more than ever. Hop into your odorless Ivory bath. Hop out feeling smooth all over. And thank your lucky stars that fine white Ivory costs you only a few pennies at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure • It floats

Lashes

WERE MEANT TO BE

Curly!



NO HEAT
NO COSMETICS
NO PRACTICE

No one knows why that long, upward sweep of feminine lashes has always seemed so enchanting to the masculine mind—but it's so. And it used to be that (like curly hair) a girl either was born with the right kind or else. Now there's a gadget: Kurlash. Slip your lashes in, and press the handles. That's all. Kurlash won't break the lashes or hurt them in any way. In fact, it's used by a great many movie stars. If it isn't at your favorite department store, drug store or beauty shop, send \$1 with the coupon. And after you've curled your lashes, you'll probably want to take other steps too.

KURLASH keeps your lashes and curls in condition. 50 cents and \$1.

SHADEITE gives mysterious depth to the eyes. Four shades: brown, blue, green, violet. \$2.

LASHLINE darkens your lashes. waterproof. \$1.

LASHLINE compact mascara. Three shades. \$1.

TWEEZETTE to arch your brows. painless. \$1.

Kurlash

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Rochester, New York
GENTLEMEN: Here's one dollar. Please send Kurlash and a copy of your booklet, "Fascinating Eyes." In Canada: Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto.

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City _____ State _____

young actresses were tested for the part. Finally, in desperation, Stahl went to New York. There he saw an unknown actress playing a small part in the current Broadway success "Dinner at Eight."

Those "in the know" say Margaret Sullivan has had the most magnificent chance at stardom in the history of Hollywood handed to her on a silver platter.

She is something fresh and new and entirely herself with a great picture and an unparalleled opportunity to prove it.

But if Irene Dunne had not been a unique Hollywood wife who preferred going to New York to seeing her husband, to staying in Hollywood and playing the sort of a part every actress prays for—would anyone have heard of Margaret Sullivan?

SALLY FILERS made her debut on the Fox screen replacing Virginia Cherril in a George Oliver Weston Virginia sprained her ankle.

Sally was more or less retired from the screen for a while, spending most of her time on Hoot Gibson's ranch. But she could not

horse—and somebody mentioned her as a candidate for the part.

It didn't seem very important at the time but it led directly to Sally's great opportunity in "Bad Girl," on the same lot.

AND now what has Sally done but turned down "Jimmy and Sally" which was written for herself and Jimmy Dunn!

Let's imagine! With that title all set and every thing! She is newly married to Harry Joe Brown and doesn't care about being "teamed" with any other man—even in a picture. And anyway, she didn't like the story.

So a lady who has been languishing in Westerns—even as Sally was herself, before her big chance—gets the lead opposite Jimmy. Her name is Claire Trevor and she is one of the loveliest blondes in pictures.

Will this part lead to a "Bad Girl" for Claire?

They'll tell you in Hollywood it's all in the break—your get. But often as not, it's in the break—the sprains, tensions and temperaments somebody else gets for.

Merry Ex-Wives of Hollywood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

than I can." Carole broke down and sobbed.

"Haven't you married yet?" Mary Carlisle asked from under the davenport.

A quiet, dignified little blonde arose from her seat in the corner.

"It's Mary Pickford," the whispers ran.

"Who's Mary Pickford?" asked Dietrich, fidgeting her necktie.

"Listen," hissed Polly Moran, "if you weren't so darned shorts conscious, you'd know."

"**GIRLS,**" said Mary simply, "you all know of my recent grief, so I'll say just this: Never marry a kaper. They leap from chandeliers to chandeliers. From continent to continent. They even ride bareback on carpets. So please—"

She couldn't go on.

Crawford, in her Adrian special number 123, arose and look around pleadingly.

"Dodo and I were like two children at first," she said, giving it a little of scene four from "Possessed."

"But, girls, I warn you, Douglas as I had to call him when he grew up, won't remain a child. He'll go artistic on you. He'll want to paint. He'll want to sculpt. He'll want to wade knee deep in Nietzsche. He'll want to write. And even will. He'll want to act."

"And will, and over the place," interrupted Bennett.

"He'll yearn to write poetry. And give imitations."

"God forbid," muttered the girls, while Joan went on.

"So, I went from 'hey nenny nenny' to the poet's corner in six short months. With gardenias, of course. But my soul is crushed. Our souls are no longer kindred. He went his way and I went to the Coconut Grove with Frank and Tim."

"What did you wear?" the eager audience then cried.

"It was a little blue number. I had my designer send out. It had the new Mae West shoulder line in."

"Who's Mae West?" hissed Dietrich.

The company ignored her.

"Well, gosh, girls," wavered ZaSu Pitts, lifting her prostrate hands and turning her large, sad eyes on the gathering, "well, I—oh, dear—" in a flurry of embarrassment she started skidding back to her chair.

"Oh, ZaSu!" the girls objected. "Come on!"

ZaSu began again, "Well, Tom and I—er,

Tom Gallery his name was and still is, I guess. Well, Tom and I were very happy but I want to warn you girls that Tom always wants to go to prize-fights.

"I used to say to Tom, I'd say, 'Tom, why do you always have to go tearing out to prize-fights? Why couldn't we have a nice private prize fight here at home?' But no," ZaSu sighed, "he always wanted to see two complete *de migos* punch each other in the—well, punch each other. He wouldn't pick a prize-fight at home and I well, that's his only fault, girls."

And, lifting her hands in a futile little gesture, ZaSu sank into her chair.

Sally Filers stepped to the front of the room. "I'm here to say this. Hoot Gibson is a square shooter."

"Ride 'em, cowboy," chorused the girls.

"Oh, are we playing cowboy and Indian?" came from little Carlisle under the davenport.

"But the trouble was," continued Sally, "I wanted to throw parties, and Hoot wanted to throw bulls. So girls, I warn you, you'll ride horseback when you want to ride in a limousine. Why, it got so, every time I started an emotional scene in a picture with Jimmie Dunn, I broke into a canter. I grew canter minded. I even cantered when the horse trotted. I—" Sally wept and dropped into her saddle.

THERL was a sudden commotion in the doorway. Gracie Allen, breathless and flustered, rode in on her bicycle.

"Oh, girls, I'm late but I got into the wrong meeting. And, mind you, I never knew it for hours. Isn't that silly? I mean I kept telling them all about George's funny little habits. They liked the one about George riding up and down in elevators when there are no elevators." Gracie giggled. "I told that one about twenty times. Even in our living room, I mean, George keeps going up in elevators all evening. He says he does it to keep from mayhem."

"And the funny part of it is there's never been anyone in our family called Mayhem. He only imagines it. It's silly, don't you think so?"

"Yes, we think so, Gracie," they said. "But what meeting was it?"

"Well, after two hours they came and patted me on the head and said they were convinced I was in the right place, only George should be there instead of me. Silly. They said they were The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"Wait," Bennett peered intently down the boulevard. "Girls," she screamed, "here comes Gary Cooper!"

There was a mad dash for the door. Three stars were trampled unconscious in the rush as the entire meeting tore down the boulevard after Gary. Screaming and yelling "Yoo hoo, Gary, wait for us!"

"Gee, are we playing 'Run, sheep, run'?" came from little Mary Carlisle under the davenport. But no one answered. The pack was in full chase.

A Pair of Wuppermanns

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

So he found his way back to New York and having nothing to do, began to look for a job on the stage. After all, wasn't Ralph on the stage?

And finding the job, he too—in order not to disgrace the name of Wuppermann—called himself Morgan.

Frank's pride smarted now when the introductions at the Lambs Club continued to be, "I want you to meet Ralph Morgan's brother." He would add crossly, "The name is Frank, if you please." But nobody paid much attention.

Then, before long, Frank went to Hollywood to make a name for himself.

For awhile, everything was all right. Frank was Frank in Hollywood. He wasn't anybody's brother. And Ralph continued to be an important identity with a name of his own on Broadway.

And everything would have continued smoothly—without any confusion or embarrassing mix ups—if Ralph had stayed in New York. But his stage reputation made him highly desirable to movie producers, and eventually he, too, answered the call of the screen. When Ralph got to Hollywood, the Morgan trouble began.

FRANK was called Ralph, and Ralph was called Frank and the confusion was, and still is, exceedingly disconcerting. It is possible that the younger Wuppermann even yearned for the good old days when he was definitely introduced and recognized as "Ralph's brother." At least, people knew he wasn't Ralph!

Take, for example, the day Frank met a Fox studio executive at Agua Caliente. Frank's contract is with M. G. M.; Ralph is with Fox. But when Frank went back to his table, the Fox executive said to his companion:

"What is his name?"

"Frank Morgan," was the answer.

"Oh yes, of course, he's working with us," the executive dismissed the matter and probably ever after had the two actors confused.

Recently a picture of Claudia Morgan and her father, Ralph Morgan, appeared in a magazine. But caption beneath the picture read, "Frank Morgan and Daughter." Frank has a seventeen-year-old son. No daughter.

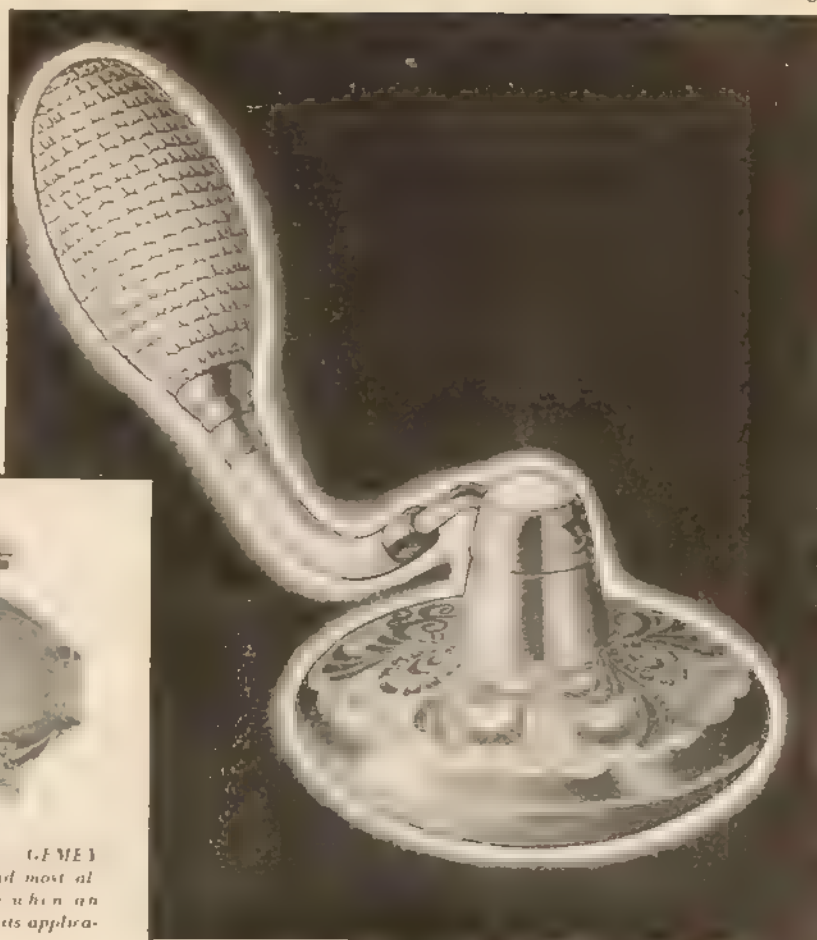
Another magazine—referring to the lawyer in "The Kiss Before the Mirror"—called him Ralph Morgan. But he was Frank!

More recently still, the following paragraph was printed in the "low-down" column of a film paper: "Brotherly love moved Ralph Morgan to call this here newspaper yesterday and tell us that it was he, and not Frank, who did the acting in 'Walls of Gold.' We were already chagrined by the mistake in the review of the film, in mentioning the wrong Morgan as having appeared in it. Or is there a wrong Morgan? We don't think so!"

Incidentally, it was probably not the fact that Ralph felt himself being slighted which prompted him to telephone that paper and make the correction. More than likely he



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TURN TO PAGE 16

sensed what brother Frank's reaction would be at having *his* name linked with a second-rate picture.

For, oddly and ironically, in Hollywood the tables have been turned for the Wuppermann boys. Frank, who played small bits on the stage while his brother was matinee idol of Broadway, has been getting the fat, juicy roles on the screen. And Ralph, the stage success, has had many ineffectual and rather unimportant parts.

Frank, you will remember, was handed one conspicuously plump rôle after another. With Lupe Velez in "The Half-Naked Truth." With Alice Brady in "Broadway to Hollywood." With Jean Harlow in "The Blonde Bombshell." The rôle of the philandering publisher, with Ann Harding and Myrna Loy in "When Ladies Meet."

ON the other hand, Ralph's parts have not been string—even when the film was important. Take for example, the sad-faced ineffectual *Carson* in "Rasputin and the Empress" and the pathetic *Uncle Charlie* in "Strange Interlude." Fortunately, Ralph's Hollywood breaks are getting better—with his stronger rôles in "The Power and the Glory" and "7 Lives Were Changed."

But what are the two brothers' attitudes toward their movie careers and the confusing mix ups which have embarrassed them since Ralph's arrival in Hollywood?

Not so long ago it was rumored that Frank asked a writer not to mention Ralph in the same story with him. He intimated that there was so much confusion already about their identity that linking their names together would just mess matters up a little more.

When Ralph suggested that the best way to combat the "mistaken identity" difficulty was for both of them to appear in the same picture sometime, Frank was silent. Again, when the brothers were advised to hire the same agent to handle their business affairs, Frank was not interested.

People who know the men well do not confuse them.

For one thing, they move in very different social groups. The Frank Morgans go with a gayer crowd. The Ralph Morgans have made their Hollywood friendships among more quiet people.

But while scandal mongers might like to establish a rift between the families and say the two brothers are not compatible, it is probably pure gossip.

For Frank still remembers that it was his older brother who bore the brunt of family wrath and paved the way for his entrance into the theater.

And Ralph is too sincere an artist, too secure in his Broadway reputation to be jealous of his brother who, so far, has picked up fatter movie plums.

IF you ask their sister, Mrs. Langdon, what she thinks, she will champion Ralph.

"Frank may be the showier actor," she says. "I believe there's no doubt about that. He was gifted by the gods with a natural versatility."

"Perhaps Ralph, though, in his quieter, more thoughtful way, gives greater study to each rôle he plays."

"I always remember what one of his dramatic professors said to me. 'Ralph studies his rôles more thoroughly and plays them more perfectly than any student I've ever had. He puts all of himself into every gesture, into every word. Consequently, his interpretations have delicate nuances and surprising expressions that are never to be found in the playing of an actor who might be a more natural showman.' That's the difference I believe, between Ralph's and Frank's work. But each is splendid in his own way."

"And," she added, "I think it would be very difficult for a critic to say which is the better actor."

Twenty Years After

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

told B. P. Schulberg, the producer, that "I want to be Fredric March," I said

"B. P." sneaked a puzzled glance at the contract

"It's down here in black and white that you are Fredric March," he said

"What I mean," I explained, "is that I don't want to play Barrymore. I want to play myself"

"Of course you want to play yourself," B. P. soothed. "Your first picture will be 'The Dummy'."

I was pretty sore, until I discovered that I wasn't playing the title role.

After I'd been around awhile, people got tired of telling each other of whom I reminded them, and by and by some gagman said didn't John Barrymore look like Fredric March. But by that time I'd already resigned myself to the fact that a person sometimes does look like someone else, and that as long as an actor can keep from looking like the wrath of God he has an even break.

MY first few years didn't bring me any parts over which I could get excited. I was getting pretty much of a routine build-up. But the parts I got I threw my heart and soul into. I remember throwing them into "Night Angel" and, for a while, thinking I'd never get them back. I grew a beard for my part—a young Central European lawyer. And what did I get for it?

In the first place, I got insults. The picture was to be made in New York, and I had a short vacation before it was to start, so Mrs. March and I went on a cruise to the West Indies and I started the whiskers.

By the time we got to Bermuda, people were looking at the stubble and wagging their heads and saying, "That's the tropics for you—a man soon loses his morale. I'll bet he doesn't even wash."

Then, after I'd braved their calumny and arrived back in New York with a really magni-

ficent growth, Eddie Goulding, the director, didn't like it.

But I was stubborn about shaving it off. Each day I'd trim off a little here and a little there, and ask him how he liked it now. When I got down to just a dot on the chin, he gave in and said I could wear that if Walter Wanger, the producer, liked it. But Walter took one look at it and said I looked more like a doctor than a lawyer. I slunk out of his office swearing that I was through suffering for my art.

That's all I knew about it!

Shortly after, I met Mr. Jesse Lasky at a conference in New York and casually suggested that I'd like to do either "Peter Ibbetson" or "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," both of which Paramount owned. I wanted particularly to do "Jekyll and Hyde" because I thought it would give me a swell chance to make faces.

Well, we did it. But I didn't get my chance to make faces. Instead, I just supplied the head, and the make-up man made the faces on it. For about a month, I got to the studio at six in the morning and Wally Westmore spent three or four hours building additions to my cheek bones and ears and putting fangs into my mouth and stufing things up my nose.

These early morning frivolities almost killed me, but the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awarded me a gold statuette for the best male performance of the year 1932 because of "Jekyll and Hyde," and I was willing to call it square.

My trophy was the turning point of my life. "What," I asked Mrs. March, whom I very often call "Florence" or "Darling," "what is a gold statuette without a marble fawn to go with it?"

"And what," countered Darling, or Florence, or Mrs. March, "is a marble fawn without a lawn to put it on, and a lawn without a house; and a house without a baby?"

I didn't attempt to answer the obvious.



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She smiled for the camera, but wouldn't speak to reporters who asked if she and Director Mervyn LeRoy were already married. Whatever their status, Doris, daughter of Harry Warner, and Mervyn look happy

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"Well," I said, "We have a baby. You remember, don't you?"

"I remember perfectly," she groaned, "on account of it's the nurse's day out, and at the moment it looks as if I'd have to give Penny her orange juice as a hypodermic."

"Orange juice or no orange juice," I said, getting back to our original discussion, "that leaves us a house and a marble lawn to go. We'll draw some plans for a house. Tonight I have to go to the studio now. We're making 'The Sign of the Cross'."

"I'm the one who should be making the sign of the cross," sighed Mrs. March, starting upstairs with the orange juice.

We never got around to drawing our house plans or our lawn. Not that we hadn't the talent, but we only had one pencil and we needed that for tracing scoring. Rather than have another, we hired an architect.

"We're going to build out here," we told people.

At first they only raised their eyebrows as

much as to say that we were chumps to build in Beverly Hills when everyone knew that Westport, Connecticut, was the place where all good little actors go when they retire, and it was only a question of time now. But when they saw we couldn't be swayed, they were very nice about it and would always ask, "How's the house coming?" And we'd have to admit that it wasn't even started yet, because we couldn't decide whether we wanted a fireplace in the bedroom and didn't know where we could put the bath if we did.

BUT we Marches always get what we go after and we finally figured out that if we put a shower in the bedroom fireplace, our problem would be solved. So now we're ready to start. By next spring we'll have the house. And by next summer our house will have a lawn. And I've already taken an option on a marble lawn.

So, after all, I guess I'll have something to show for my first five years in the movies.

The Clown Who Juggled Apples

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

hours, I found my father sitting in the kitchen as all people who lived in suburbs sat in kitchens in those days. Only highbrows ever used the front door of a house.

Bill overlooked one thing. His father was like Sam O'Shanter's wife, nursing his wrath to keep it warm. He chased Bilagana, and the boy decided it was best to remain away.

He slept in a cave that night, used by children of the neighborhood for daytime play.

Now began a weird experience for the boy. He did not return home for several years, but lived as best he could in the city. For many months he lived in the cave, his playmates bringing him food.

Before he was out of his teens he worked for two summers as a helper on an ice wagon. "It was a nice easy job," said Bill, with a touch of remembered bitterness. "I only had to get up at three in the morning and lag heavy cakes of ice on my back till five in the afternoon."

When out of work, which was often, he slept where he could. "Where the wind could not reach me. The wind was my greatest menace."

Strange are the fortunes of destiny. Once, the neighborhood boy picked up several apples in front of a grocery store. He had been wandering along the street, wondering what his future was to be, and where he would eat that night.

He had seen jugglers in a cheap theater. He tried to juggle the apples, and found to his surprise, that he kept the fifteen moving successfully for several minutes.

Exalted, he went juggling down the street with the grocer's apples. Surely if the merchant but knew of the destiny to which the young alley boy juggled, he would forgive the loss of the apples.

He practiced juggling for three years, with whatever came to hand. As an indifferent young juggler he earned a meager living for a few years. He had a strong mind and knew a rare thing among youths: exactly what he wanted to do.

SINCE time immemorial such people as Bill Hughes, with gypsy hearts, have won high laurels from the sturvy beginnings of wandering players—Dezard, the French clown, greater than Chaplin, Rachel born of gypsy Jews at a roadside inn, Nell Gwynne, and many others.

By some peculiar ale, any of these senses they absorb suffering in youth and turn it later to sad and ironic humor. Next is a clown a fool. Early they discover without knowing anything of Nietzsche, that men should learn to laugh at themselves.

Bill Hughes is no exception. Beneath his ex-

cellent delivery, he laughs as often at people as with them.

When it came time for him to travel beyond Philadelphia, he gave a benefit performance at, of all places, Batly Hall. All the performers worked for nothing except the young juggler, Hughes. The benefit was for him. With the ninety-three dollars obtained, he bought some new clothes and went to Plymouth Park, Penna., at a salary of five dollars per week one week. The people were kind, however, and recommended him for an engagement at Atlantic City.

"Fired again," thought Bill often and long. On the way to Atlantic City a great buffoon was born.

HU was paid ten dollars per week as long as he could draw. He did everything about the place. One stunt which came from his active brain was to swim far out in the ocean. Once there, he would flounder and yell for help. The life guards, who worked in shows nearby, would rescue him. They would rush him to a pavilion, where a crowd would gather. Then the waiters would start juggling their wares for sale.

The apple juggler was soon on his way to a burlesque show at eighteen dollars per week, which he received some weeks. When Bill would ask for a dollar the manager would shriek, "Do you think I'm made of money? If I had a dollar I'd start a No. 2 Company."

Stranded at last for keeps in Kent, Ohio, Bill had twelve dollars. The fare to New York was eighteen dollars.

The ancient ticket agent—and may the wind blow gently over his grave—trusted him for the other six dollars. The son of the gentleman who stepped on the rack had no money for food or other such details. But New York, the magical, was at the other end of the line, and the woe-borne juggler of stolen apples was on a warm trip in the dead of winter.

Hughes later played in Akron, Ohio, twelve miles from Kent. The agent was given one hundred dollars for the badly needed six dollars.

The kindly clown asked me not to write about this. I would not, except—there are those who say that stage people never remember.

Hughes arrived in New York and sold his overcoat for food. An actor poor as himself gave him a raincoat. There were only two difficulties: it was three below zero and the raincoat was many sizes too small for him. The proud buffoon carried the coat over his arm.

Next, the hardly believable happened. He got a job with a burlesque show at thirty-five

dollars a week. And the money was *paid every week!* By the time he was twenty, he had toured the country in vaudeville, and shortly afterward had been booked in Berlin, Germany, at one hundred and fifty dollars per week.

THE vagabond boy went from there to all the capitals of Europe in the next two years. Another stroke of bad early fortune was to help him. He had no money in the days of his hunger to buy that which he wanted—an expensive juggling outfit, tassels, tights and spangles. Instead, he contrived a tramp make-up. Who that has seen him, will ever forget his inept groping about the stage, his capacity, born of fear, to do everything wrong. Here was the great clown—blending laughter and tears, until the audience, confused, as in real life, knew not whether to pity or to laugh at him.

Another shrewd observation was made by the former cash boy.

Pantomime could be understood in any country. He never deviated therefrom.

For the next thirteen years his time was divided between Europe and America with intervening journeys to Australia, the Orient, and around the world.

While on his way to India, the German raider, Emden, chased his ship to Australia. There he found a cablegram from Charles Dillingham offering him work in New York in "Watch Your Step" with Frank Tinney. The trip home required thirty-nine days. Next we find him with Ziegfeld's Follies, where he remained nine years.

Then he was engaged for a film called "Janice Meredith."

After a year with Paramount, he returned to the stage. But the lure of the films and California had touched him.

He had saved his money for years. It was a large sum with which to face the evening of life. His stage earnings had been many thousands a week.

He placed the money in a large New York bank and decided to "play with films."

The bank failed. Fields had lost everything but courage and tenacity. He *wanted to enter films*, and began life over again. Alas, the producers did not seem to want him. He offered to write, direct and act in a comedy for nothing—to get a chance. There were no cars to hear.

He finally got two unimportant roles. Then Mack Sennett at last took him on. He wrote, directed and acted in four comedies. All were successful. One paid for itself in three days.

Fields has always believed that a comedian should do that which he is impelled to do on stage or screen, and trust that the audience would be impelled to like that which he had done.

His faith in himself has been justified.

He is now at work in his seventeenth film and under contract to Paramount, the company is building him for stardom.

LIKE the apples which he juggled from the grocer's, he has long since grown mellow.

Not only is Bill Fields a great clown, but a gentle, tolerant man, who laughs to keep from crying.

And may it be said in conclusion, that he was the solace in the old age of the gentleman who stepped upon the rake.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

THE VINEGAR TREE—M-G-M

ALICE BRADY as a fluttery "Mrs. Malaprop" and Lionel Barrymore as her crusty husband, try to keep daughter Mary Carlisle from marrying suave, middle-aged Conway Tearle. The chatter is bright and amusing, and Mary proves herself well able to carry a rôle in company with the veteran cast.

BEFORE DAWN—RKO-Radio

THIS one will really give you goose flesh and cold chills. Dorothy Wilson, a spiritualist medium, tries to help Stuart Erwin, a young police detective, solve a murder by going into trances. The scene of the action is an old haunted house, and no detail which might give you another shiver up the spine is omitted. Too scary for children.

THE INVISIBLE MAN—Universal

NOW you see him, now you don't—which is good for some shivers in this pseudo scientific H. G. Wells tale, hardly as effective on the screen as in print. Claude Rains (a screen newcomer) makes himself invisible but in the process loses his reason. Imagine what an invisible maniac could do and then multiply by ten. Result: some strong horror. But not up to "Frankenstein."

BLOOD MONEY 20th Century-United Artists

GEORGE BANCROFT'S followers will welcome his screen return in this unpretentious but hearty tale of a big shot bill bondsman who turns on the underworld which made him, when society girl Frances Dee lures him in order to gratify her criminality complex. Lots of suspense and good characterizations by Bancroft, Judith Anderson and Frances Dee.

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox

ADD matchmaking and the care of an intoxicated suicidal bridegroom to being a janitor and that's El Brendel's amusing plight. Walter Catlett as *Robert Brantley, III*, hunc of Barbara Weeks, gets involved with a gunman's sister, and faces a sawed-off-shotgun wedding at four o'clock and a society ditto at five. Catlett is riotous.

HELL AND HIGH WATER— Paramount

DICK ARLEN gives a starring performance in this picture which unfortunately fails to justify it. He plays *Capt. Jensen*, the gruff but valuable owner of an old garbage scow who falls heir to a baby, also a girl, Judith Allen, when she tries suicide and lands in his nets. It could have clicked but didn't.

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox

LILIAN HARVEY in a musical comedy kingdom, is a peer, would be cake singer who wins the attention and later the love of the romantic young king (John Boles) through an escapade of his chauffeur (El Brendel). John is smooth and Lilian is charming, but she works too hard to save a comedy which was badly handled. Only mildly pleasing.

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—Invisible

EVALYN KNAPP splits with her worthless vaudeville partner husband, Edward Nugent, becomes a star in Alvin Dinehart's night club then co-shedders Dinehart and returns to Nugent. Evalyn has a hard time with her song numbers, leaving musical honors to Ada May. Unpretentious, but entertaining.

JEAN HARLOW, co-starring with LEE TRACY
in M-G-M's "Bombshell"



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2. Medium to dark complexion	2. Medium	2. Dark	2. Dark
3. Dark complexion	3. Dark	3. Black	3. Dark
4. Very dark complexion	4. Very dark	4. Black	4. Dark
5. Very dark complexion	5. Very dark	5. Black	5. Dark
6. Very dark complexion	6. Very dark	6. Black	6. Dark
7. Very dark complexion	7. Very dark	7. Black	7. Dark
8. Very dark complexion	8. Very dark	8. Black	8. Dark
9. Very dark complexion	9. Very dark	9. Black	9. Dark
10. Very dark complexion	10. Very dark	10. Black	10. Dark

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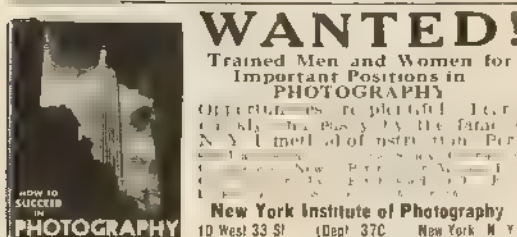
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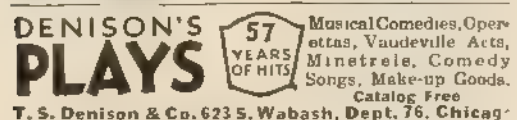
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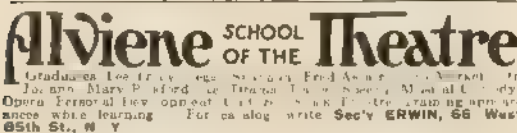
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RIDER OF JUSTICE—Universal

THE same old story they didn't even change the horses, this trip Ken Maynard is the disappearing nephew who shows up with a badge in time to save the pretty girl's ranch. So implausible that even the kids objected. The scenery will save you the fare to Arizona, if you like scenery.

QUATORZE JUILLET "July 14"
Protex Pictures

ROMANCE grows from the depths of Paris when a taxi driver and a neighbor girl celebrate the French national holiday. Those knowing French will appreciate the humor of the lines and Rene Clair's subtle direction, for the rest of us, it's slow, mild entertainment, although some of the fun can be understood in any language.

LONE COWBOY—Paramount

JACKIE COOPER is all this one can offer for Wil. James' Western emerges from its screen wash wring pretty dry. Not even the usual action and scenery and the very evident story about orphan Jackie sent West to his dead father's pal, who is embittered by Lila Lee's faithlessness. Of course, Jackie regenerates the ranch.

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR—Universal

THE trouble with this mystery story is that it's too mystifying to make much sense to the audience. A number of suspects are rounded up after a murder, among them Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson. Things look bad for Onslow until Wynne has a brainstorm and saves the day. A good cast, including Alan Dinehart and Warren Hymer.

DER SOHN DER WEISSEN BERGE (THE SON OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS)—Itala Film

A GERMAN MADE film with Luis Trenker as the skiing hero, who upholds community honor despite complications arising from love and a false murder charge. Trenker and the cast do well, but the majestic beauty of the Alps steals the picture.

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia

STOCK melodrama, woodenly acted, with Tim McCoy and Evelyn Knapp presiding. She's the daughter of a police lieutenant, injured in capturing a notorious criminal. Tim McCoy is on a radio squad car. The criminal escapes prison, gets after papa; noble Tim gets a hunch that puts him on the trail, and so on.

Star News from London

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77)

When I asked her why she had done such an unbelievable thing, she grinned.

"Because I want experience," she replied. "I want to be a big hit over here first. I don't want to be 'Made in Hollywood.' I'm going out there only after I've really made good here."

It really begins to look as if the yessing of the Hollywood big shots has ceased being universal.

DON ALVARADO and Raquel Torres are lovers again on screen, of course. The last time it happened was when they played opposite one another in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Now Alvarado is Raquel's gypsy lover in "The Red Wagon," a British International film starring Charles Bickford.

When Alvarado arrived at Plymouth the immigration authorities wouldn't let him land, his passport lacking a British visa. Anyhow, they remembered when last year he appeared at Southampton with Marilyn Miller, both of them without even a passport. On that occasion, as you doubtless recall, they had boarded the *Bromer* in New York to bid Mrs. Alan Dwan *bon voyage* only to be carried away in the ship.

The British International people got busy and within a few days obtained the necessary permit for Alvarado to come on from Paris and go to work.

AT luncheon with H. B. Warner at the Berkeley another day we had a grand time talking about Hollywood.

He's been making a talkie version of "Sorrell and Son."

You'll recall he did a silent of this several years ago.

Warner told me the thing that impressed him most upon his return to this his native land, was the marvelous memory with which all English servants are blessed. Waiters and doormen who haven't seen him for countless years all address him by name—and tickle him pink by doing it.

Also the tiny size of this little isle affects him

strangely after the vast distances of the United States.

"It reminds me," he said, "of the Englishman who set out from New York to go to San Francisco."

"When, after four days in the train, he arrived he found the town all decorated and illuminated. It was evident some celebration was in progress."

"What's the occasion?" he inquired.

"It's Columbus Day," somebody told him. "Columbus is the guy that discovered America, you know."

"Discovered it?" echoed the Englishman. "I don't see how he could possibly have missed it!"

Warner will soon be back in Hollywood. He's keen as mustard to find out how his fellow English actors are getting on with their cricket.

ANNA MAY WONG tells me she adores London and says she hopes to be able to settle down here permanently.

She has made not a few films at Elstree where they think the world of her. So far as engagements are concerned there is no question about her being able to stay in London from now on.

AND here's the latest Charlie Bickford crack.

"The Red Wagon," being a circus story, has a sequence in which two lions are used. The day they were shooting this sequence the beasts were evidently out of sorts.

In spite of everything their trainer could do to quiet them they persisted in growling and snarling. Of course, it was out of the question to try to record dialogue against such an uproar.

When, finally, the director decided there was nothing left to do but call off work for the day—Bickford took command of the situation.

"I'll fix 'em," he announced.

Then scowling savagely, he strode up to the cage and arms akimbo and eyes blazing he faced the growling animals.

"Shut up!" he yelled. "SHUT UP!"

And, believe it or not, those beasts shut up!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

TILLIE AND GUS Paramount. Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

TO THE LAST MAN Paramount. Ralph Scott and Esther Ralston as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN RKO Radio. Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot. A Vienna Osborne. (July)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY**—Paramount. A zippy musical enriched by Jack O'Keefe, Bing Crosby, many other A-1 laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (Nov.)

TORCH SINGER Paramount. Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine. Baby LeRoy. (Nov.)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE Universal. An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (Dec.)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE** M-G-M. Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun turning their tale about Seattle. Not exactly a Min and Bill, but splendid entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK**—M-G-M—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others, a fast moving gripping story. (Nov.)

★ **VOLTAIRE** Warners. A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical, ironic, philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as Louis XI. (Sept.)

WAFFLES Helen Mitchell Prod. They couldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sar Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (Nov.)

WALLS OF GOLD Fox. Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers falling out. (Dec.)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British. Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE** Fox. Broad satire about the Amazons of old. Women warriors led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Blossie Larrie. But Ernest Tracy by a trick, lets the Greeks win, and a few too. Amazons like what happens! Excellent fun. (July)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount. Maurice Cavallier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself seducing gypsy Ann Dyrak in his room to make plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE? Columbia. Parents Minna Gendel, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Joan Parker the truth about sex as advised by doctor Willard Mack, tragically follows. A powerful sermon. (Sept.)

★ **WHEN LADIES MEET** M-G-M—Unexpected, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding is wife, Myrna Loy as mistress. Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (Aug.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY Columbia. A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why women's ways go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Liliac Bond. (Aug.)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD First National. A well done story of youngsters who find food as they get depressed. (Dec.)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE Columbia—Herges. Settlers Tampico, done in Algeria. Big game, Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (Sept.)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE** First National. —Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy stockish relatives. (Dec.)

WORLD GONE MAD, THE Majestic Pictures. A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure, doesn't click. (July)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS, THE Fox. Adolphe Menjou, Bette Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (Dec.)

WRECKER, THE—Columbia—A social story about the man Jack Holt in the house wrecking business, who seduces his wife Genevieve Tobin, the home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a woman. (Oct.)

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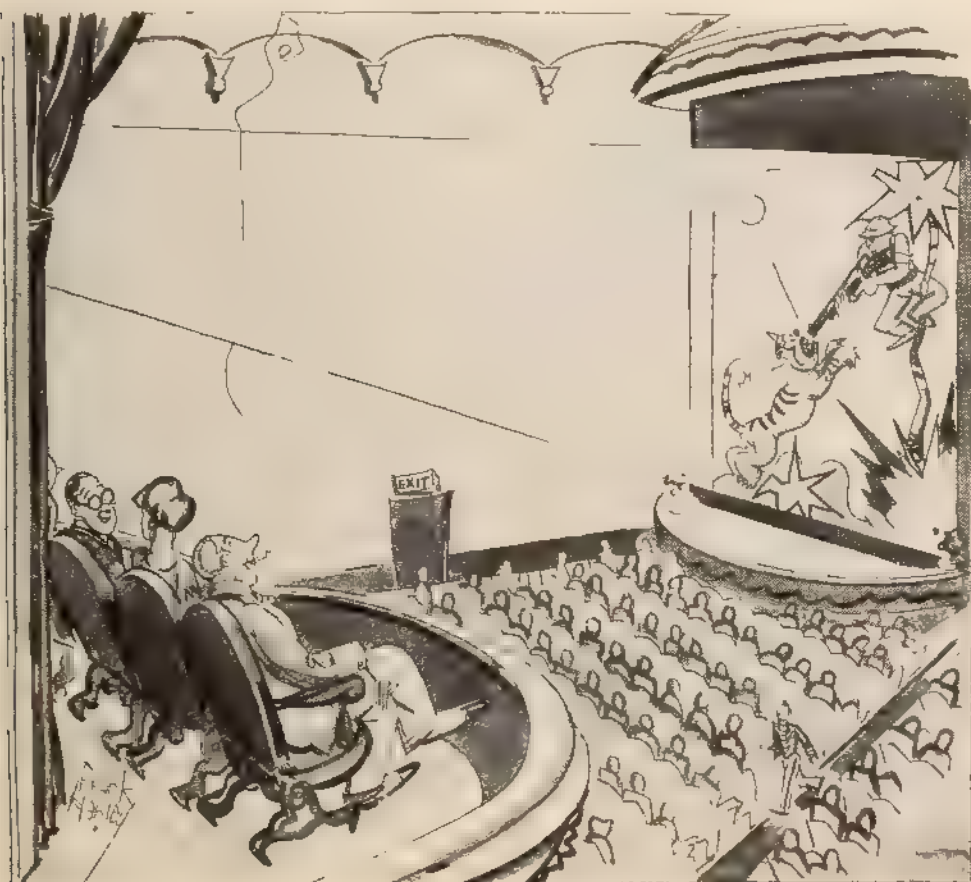
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REPORTS to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs from the Chicago group of fan clubs reveal plans for the production of three one act plays. All clubs in the Chicago area are discussing this event, and each play is to be an original written by club members. The first play is scheduled for showing shortly after the holidays. This marks the beginning of the first serious work by the Chicago clubs as a group.

THE Billie Dove Fan Club, of which Lenore A. Heidorn, 5737 South Artesian Ave., Chicago, is president, celebrated its fifth anniversary with a big party at Miss Heidorn's home.

The Ruth Roland Club, Lillian Conrad, President, 4822 Meade Ave., Chicago, and the Johnny Downs Fan Club, Ruth E. Keast, President, 3506 West 64th St., Chicago, recently celebrated their third successful year of operation.

Anna Glance, 7953 Merrill Ave., Chicago, president of the Jackie Cooper Club, probably has the honor of having the youngest member. Miss Barbara Woods, two weeks old niece of Miss Glance, has been signed up for membership.

Bonnie Bergstrom, 6805 South Artesian Ave., Chicago, president of the Barbara Stanwyck Buddies, announces that Miss Stanwyck recently passed through Chicago on her way West after having completed a personal appearance tour in the East.

Ethel Musgrove, secretary of the Ramon Novarro Fan Club (Canada), 6384 Elgin St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada, announces that the name of the organization has been changed to the Ramon Novarro Service League.

Lillian Musgrave, 2700 Vincent Ave., North, Minneapolis, Minn., president of the John Boles Music Club, just sent in the first bulletin issued by the club. It is nicely arranged and goes to show that a club can issue an interesting paper.

The Bodil Rosing Fan Club has been sending in some interesting bulletins entitled "Bodil and Her Fans." Mrs. Millie West, editor, edits the paper in Hollywood so that

the club members really get first hand information about the news of the studios.

A note from J. H. Bloss, 514 Scott Avenue, Syracuse, New York, president of the Herald Cinema Critics Club, states that the club put on a half-hour broadcast of a tabloid version of "Footlight Parade" over WSYR.

Chaw Mank, 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill., president of the Movie Fans Friendship Club, announces that he has organized a Dick Powell Club. The M. F. F. C. has been growing according to Chaw and he has bright hopes for the future of his newest club.

THE association has a number of club applications pending, including:

Dick Powell Club, Chaw Mank, President, 226 East Mill St., Staunton, Ill.

Tom Brown Club, Donato R. Cedrone, President, 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

Bodil Rosing Fan Club, Mrs. Millie West, Editor, 177 South Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, and Mrs. Martin Boyer, President, 1121 East Ferry Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Maureen O'Sullivan Club, Marionne Oppenheim, Secretary, 242 East 94th St., New York, N. Y.

Gloria Stuart Fan Club, Estelle Nowark, President, 3223 North Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Screen Guild Fan Club, James J. Earle, President, 104 West River St., Elyria, Ohio.

IMPORTANT

THE question of a 1934 Fan Club Convention has been brought up for discussion in several clubs. Last year the first, and a very successful gathering, was held in Chicago in June. Several clubs failed to receive notice of the convention and therefore did not attend.

In view of the many important questions that such a meeting involves we would like to have you begin discussing the convention now with your various members. Any suggestions which you may have will be welcomed. It is desired to make the second annual convention an outstanding success.



If you're an "old-timer" you will recognize most of them. They're stars of the past. Standing, left to right, are Lionel Belmore, Maurice Costello, Paul Panzer, Mrs. Panzer, Bryant Washburn, Avita Stewart, J. Stuart Blackton, Mrs. Blackton, Marion Constance Blackton. Seated: Florence Turner, Kate Price, Bud Duncan, Mary Anderson, Flora Finch, Ben Turpin. They're planning a movie "comeback" in "The Film Parade"

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61 to 66) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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PRIZELIGHTER AND THE LADY TH
M-G-M from the screen play by J. Lee Mays
Jr. and R. M. Tan. Dist. H. W. S. V. Duke
The cast: Ede Meyer-Less, Sam Max, Lou
Carnita, Prun Carnita, Prommer Jack Dimesey,
Professor Walter Horton, Joe Rando, Otto Kruger,
Beverly A. C. Bayne, and you see R. M. Wood,
Ernest March Evans, Calverley, John Howards.

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The Secretary is also a member of the following societies:
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 Charles J. Jones, Secretary
 Eugene J. Jones, Treasurer
 George Frank McNeil, Corresponding Secretary
 Wood Kremer, Working Member
 Henry A. Edwards, Editor, Sunday Herald
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SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR - ST. Paul
From the screenplay by Walter B. Dinnick, Jr.,
Ken Directed by Edwin L. Murray. The
Story, Graham Carlson Stevens, Fox, Inc. W. C.
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McKoy, William C. Conner, Sr., Sam C. Lewis, Walter
Hymn, Luick Toward, Va. Slater, Bruce John
Wray, Miller Skotts Gallagher, Call, J. Foster,
MacDonald, Roger, Harold Hober, Leam. Hitt,
Seymour, Ch. Laver, Weyoff, Decker, Miska
Auer, Sims, Loe, Doris Canfield, Carl, Wa.
Botler, Logan, Harry Woods, C. Sney, Loe, Blavin
Hudson, Arthur Hoyt, George Alan, Sam McDaniel

TAKE A CHANCE'—PARAMOUNT From the story and screen play by Lawrence Sanders, Budd De Sylva and Monte Brice. Directed by Lawrence Sanders. Budd De Sylva and Monte Brice. The cast: Duke, James Dunn, Loretta, Cliff Edwards, Irene, Billie, King, Bonda, Lillian Roth, Kenneth Knepper, Charles Bickel, Rogers, Helma, Lillian Bond, Andrew Rago, Charles Richmond, Connelley, Robert, Dorothy Lee, Mike Caruso, Robert, Gloria, New Jersey City, Lona Andre

"VINEGAR TREE, THE"—M. G. M. From the play by Paul Osborn. Screen play by Bel and Samuel Speack. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Allyn Joslyn*, *Leola Barragan*, *Louise, Alice Brady*, *Max Erwin*, *Leola Barragan*, *Katherine Alexander*, *Frank, Mary Carr*, *George, William Jannet*, *Bauer*, *Hallowell Hobbs*.

"WHITE WOMAN" -PARAMOUNT -From the story by Norman Krasna and Frank Butler. Screen play by Samuel Hoffman and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Stuart Walker. To cast Judith Denington, Carl Lombard, Horne, Fred, Charles Laughlin, Bette, Charles B. Kellard, Donald, Kate Taylor, Joke, Peter Kellard, Hamble, James Ball, Lenon, James B. Madison, Chr. Colm, Claude King, Mrs. Cherran, I. C. Griffin, Loretta Jamme, Dime, C. M. Lawrence, Nance, Chief, M. 1, Nance, John, Nance, Chief, M. 2, Greg, Winesap.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



Bride and groom: Mr. and Mrs. Marty Malone. You know her better as Polly Moran. The photographer caught them sitting in a corner at the cocktail party that Nelson Eddy gave in honor of the happy newlyweds

IN the September issue of PHOTOPLAY we reported that Mr. George Arliss had been treated by physicians with insulin. Mr. Arliss advises us that there is no foundation for this statement as he has never used insulin and has never been treated for any disease for which insulin might be prescribed.

We regret having published this statement and herewith tender Mr. Arliss our apologies.

ALTHOUGH the rumor that Greta Garbo would marry her director, Rouben Mamoulian, when "Queen Christina" was finished has been quiescent for a while, Mamoulian would not sign the lease for his new house in Beverly Hills until he had taken Greta to see it.

THE ex-wife of a very successful ex-athlete who lately has been doing all right in pictures says:
"Aw, he was all right until his body went to his head."

VINCE BARNETT will have to look to his ribbing laurels in Hollywood with Florence Desmond in town.

Florence is the imitress who created a sensation with her phonograph record, "The Hollywood Party" and came right out to Hollywood to do her stuff for the microphones.

She's been the sensation of more actual Hollywood parties, and, not content with that, has started calling up on the phone, pretending to be Garbo, or Crawford, or ZaSu Pitts,

making engagements or dishing out veiled insults until there has been much confusion created and many friendships threatened.

Well, the female is always more deadly than the male!

CLAREMORE, Okla., which boasts that Rochelle Hudson also was born there, now has a confectionery called the "Rochelle Hudson Shoppe." And how about a "Ye Olde Will Rogers Horse Corral and Chewing Gum Shoppe"?

IT must be the Max Baer influence—heaven forbid—but Clark Gable, Jack Conway, Seymour Felix, Douglas Shearer and Stuart Erwin have joined a boxing class at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with Mike Cantwell, Baer's trainer, as their mentor.

HAROLD LLOYD, JR., going on three years old and called Bud by everyone, was on his way to a party and, as usual, the car was stopped at the main gate of the estate to permit Bud to salute Bob Lewis, the guardian.

"Well, Bud," said Bob, "you're going to have a lot of ice cream and candy?"

"Yes," declared Bud, firmly, "and cake, too."

BEING up on your "Alice in Wonderland," you will remember they used live flamingoes for croquet mallets and guinea pigs for balls.

So Paramount provided a flamingo and guinea pigs for Charlotte Henry's game before the cameras.

The flamingo, not caring at all to join in the fun, bit Charlotte, whose hands and arms soon became covered with a rash.

IT'S been a busy year for Mae West.

Since last spring Mae has written her two screen plays, "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel," acted in them and practically supervised them both, wrote "The Constant Sinner," a novelization of her famous "Diamond Lil," and practically completed her humorous book, "How To Misbehave."

And in all this time she has given out two hundred interviews, most of which were made unique by the West flashing wit.

Not bad, really.

"THEY call my voice a low baritone with a husky quaver," explains Bing Crosby.

"The doctors have told me that my particular brand of singing is due to a little unobtrusive growth between my vocal cords.

"If I ever lose it I'll probably become a hog-caller."

Maybe the hogs wouldn't mind!

THE day Carole Lombard moved into her new house, she came down with a relapse of the flu.

The painters hadn't entirely moved out of the place, and Carole says the odor was so intense she had painter's colic added to her other troubles.



Don English

Three guesses! And we'll give you odds you're wrong! It's Claudette Colbert, make-up-less and plainly gowned for her rôle of the school-marm in "Four Frightened People"

In Baltimore...



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS Are sold exclusively by *Hochschild, Kohn & Co.*

AT THE RIGHT: After the making of the new Columbia picture, "Master of Men," popular Fay Wray became so attached to this exquisite dinner frock that she purchased it for her personal wardrobe! The gown, charming because of its slim, fitted tunic, is only one of the "Hollywood Fashions" selected by Seymour, stylist for Photoplay Magazine...now on display!



In Baltimore . . . as in Boston . . . as in Cleveland . . . as in Detroit . . . "Hollywood Fashions" are sold in stores known as "smart" (Page 115). Only in stores of fashion leadership will you find faithful copies of the authentic motion picture costumes pictured in PHOTOPLAY. (See pages 61-66).


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If "Hollywood Fashions" are not sold in your community, send Photoplay Magazine your name and address and mention department store from which you buy ready-to-wear

If your home is in Baltimore, visit the interesting store of Hochschild, Kohn & Co. in December! For in the "Hollywood Fashions Corner," a modernistic setting recently added to the the Third Floor Apparel Shops, are exact copies of Fay Wray's fascinating tunic gown . . . as well as other "Hollywood Fashions," for January . . . no less lovely!

A woman with blonde, wavy hair and blue eyes, wearing a light blue dress, holding a cigarette in her right hand.

*Chesterfield—
I enjoy them a lot*



*...to me they're Milder
...to me they TASTE BETTER*

They Satisfy

\$1500⁰⁰ Prize Winners in this Issue

PHOTOPLAY

25 CENTS

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JANUARY



Joan Crawford

**JOAN
CRAWFORD**

Phantom

Daddies of the Screen